

HISTORICAL SKETCHES  
CONCERNING  
THE  
Town of Southboro, Mass.,  
AND  
OTHER PAPERS,  
WRITTEN BY  
DEA. PETER FAY.

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Reprint Edition

\$1.00

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Reprinted 1972 by the  
Southborough Companies  
of Militia and Minute  
Historic Research Committee

P.O. Box 1775 Southborough, Mass. 01772

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Peter Fay

## PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

Dea. Peter Fay has carefully examined the town records of Southborough, from July 17, 1727, to July 17, 1827, covering the first hundred years in the history of the town.

Dea. Fay was born in Southborough, Oct. 15, 1807, and his personal recollections, published herewith, cover the time from his early childhood up to 1888.

He is also indebted to his father, Peter Fay, Esq., for many additional local facts. The father was an encyclopædia of town information, a man of wonderful memory.

The author of this pamphlet has been a most successful horticulturist, and has given many interesting, practical addresses before large gatherings of farmers and gardeners. Some of his essays on fruit culture have been printed in the Southborough Press, Massachusetts Ploughman and other newspapers, and are also published in this connection, and will be found of great practical interest. The deacon was one of the first farmers in the state to provide himself with the best agricultural literature.

Dea. Peter Fay has justly won the title of being a public benefactor. He was the most prominent of the early advocates of temperance in Southboro, and gave his time and money for the cause, without stint, at a time when this was a most unpopular reform.

The author presents his little work to the public with some misgivings, but with the earnest hope that every reader will find herein some facts of real interest and value.

The mother town, Marlborough, was incorporated May 31, 1660. Southborough was set off from Marlborough and incorporated July 6, 1727. The first church in Southborough was organized, and Rev. Nathan Stone ordained Oct. 24, 1730.

PRATT BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,  
Marlborough, Mass.

## REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD DAYS.

When I could say, Oh, that they might stop, and never pass away, I locate myself in the West district of Southboro, which comprised then about all the Fifth and Sixth districts now. There were then four school districts, or squadrons, in town. Now, my readers, I want to take you along with me and we will have a little chat in the old brick school-house, which stood directly north of the house now occupied by Israel G. Howe. The building was about thirty feet square, with a small porch opening at the south end into the road. The building stood on the line of the road, without any playground. The scholars made use of my father's land for their playground.

The house was built in 1804. In 1811 the house caught fire at south-east corner, caused by a bucket of ashes left in the inside; first discovered by my uncle Alpheus. He had returned from the middle of the town about ten o'clock in the evening. He looked toward the school-house and saw a bright light; immediately notified my father, who had just retired, who got up, called my older brother and five grown-up daughters, and went to the rescue, and with the help of the Johnsons, near by, the fire was soon extinguished; but I lay in the trundle-bed, which eleven children had occupied before me, bawling all the time. My mother could not comfort me. The fire was extinguished by neighbors, with the loss of two windows and three seats, with a small piece of the floor. About all the glass was cracked in the school-house, but not so as to fall out.

There were gathered in the school room, in the winter, seventy scholars, and in the summer, from forty-five to fifty. With only three windows which let down about three inches at the top, when we consider that the food consisted largely of potatoes, turnips, cabbages, squashes, pumpkins, onions, beans and cider,

we must conclude that the sanitary conditions of the school-room were not always the most perfect.

At the north end was the platform, raised two steps above the floor. On that was the large desk, about four feet above the floor, which contained the teacher's books, rod and ferules, and the superfluities which were taken away from the scholars. The stove, which was two stories high and about four feet long, was located in the center of the house. The funnel went straight up into the chimney, which was in the center of the roof, between the first and second stories. About the stove there was quite a space. We boys and girls, when we came in from recess, would warm our hands, and sometimes our hands would get too close together; and when we were too playful, the autocrat of the school-room would say, "Boys and girls, take your seats." The care of the fires was left with the larger boys, who took their turns in building it. I sometimes was paid in a storm for building the fire, by the other boys, a home-made lead pencil, or a dozen of pins, and sometimes two cents. The girls always swept the school-room and washed it, with the help of the boys. The large girls, with some of the larger boys, had to stay in the evening to keep a fire to dry the school-room for the examination the next day.

The dress of the boys was thin and poor. Many of them wore home-made woolen frocks and round pockets, no drawers or flannel under-shirts. Very few wore boots. Most of them wore leggings.

The dress of the girls was a sort of linsey-woolsey, some calico, but very light under-clothing. The girls would go through snow-drifts from two to three feet deep. The dress of our children today to go to school is vastly better than they had then with which to go to meeting.

One other thing I will mention. I can call it by no other name than barbarism. We never had a woodshed nor a privy till 1822, although the district was worth more than all the three other districts in town, including the real and personal estate. Then the district built a building which combined the two.

From 1806 to 1816 the town appropriated for schools \$350 yearly, and \$20 a year for wood. The town divided the money by giving each school-ma'am \$21 for teaching eleven or twelve weeks, and for the male teachers the same length of time \$66.50. From 1816 to 1820 the town granted for schools \$400, and \$20 for wood, to be equally divided in the districts. From 1820 to 1828 the town granted for schools \$350, and for wood \$20. The town took one step backward, when it should have taken two steps forward. Those were years of hard times; the town granting for all her town expenses from eleven to twelve hundred dollars a year, and at the same time spending from four to five thousand dollars a year for liquor and tobacco. The number of inhabitants was about one thousand. Everybody drank, the clergy in the Christian church as well. Many a strong man was laid low; and how many households shed scalding tears because there were drunkards in them. It is no wonder the town should grant but \$350 a year for her schooling, and \$366 a year for preaching.

The darkest time this country ever saw from drunkenness was from 1820 to 1830. When the day began to break, a light came into the human mind, and men began to think and consider where they were drifting. This picture may look dark to the present generation, nevertheless it is true.

The first talk I ever heard on the subject of temperance was in 1826 by Gen. Nathan Johnson of Hartford, at the house of Josiah Johnson, and it was amusing to hear the remarks made when they left the house. We were as unbelieving as the Jews were when the Saviour preached to them. The first public address given in Southboro was, I think, in August, 1830, at the Baptist church in Fayville, by Pres. Edwards of Andover Theological seminary.

The second winter that I attended, school was taught by Larkin Newton, a young man of good education for those days, and a very strict disciplinarian, and he had much trouble before he got through the winter. We must remember that the school-

master was the autocrat of the school-room. There was no committee to come in between him and the scholars.

I will relate one instance. Herman Newton, the son of Job Newton, who lived in an old house where now stands the house of Mr. Marshall, and Antipas Fay, their ages fourteen or fifteen years, were called into the floor for breaking some rules of the school and most unmercifully whipped. The younger portion of the school were very much frightened, and the victims carried the marks on their bodies for a long time. The result was that the next morning Hezekiah Fay and Job Newton attended school and had a long talk with the teacher, but no settlement was made. Then they called a district meeting of all the legal voters, and they had a long session. The result was, there must not be any more such severe whippings.

The next school in which Mr. Newton taught was the Center school. He had much trouble through the winter for the same cause. He had punished some of Benjamin Champney's children severely, and the next morning he found on his desk these lines of poetry:

"Take a silver mounted whip  
And hang it up in school;  
If it won't scare a thief,  
I am sure it will a fool."

The next teacher was Daniel Bellow of Westboro. His age must have been from forty-five to fifty—a man of well-balanced mind and a successful teacher. The next teacher was Phineas Gleason of Westboro, a man of great muscular power and well educated for those times. His word was the law and there was no getting away from it, and he had some very marked peculiarities. One was, he had found a very tender place in the arm just above the elbow, and when he put his thumb and two fingers there it was like the grip of an iron vice. I know what it was by experience. It was awful. He boarded at Josiah Johnson's, whose son, Daniel B. Johnson, went to school that winter, I think for the first time, and sat on a little seat under the desk and



kept whimpering. The autocrat of the school-room could not stand that. He would come down from his desk and turn him over his knee, and the smoke of his torment would arise from the seat of his pantaloons up to the plastering. It was cruel and inhuman, and after performing that six or eight times, in as many days, the larger boys, consisting of Willard Fay, Lovett Fay, Temple Fay, Ashbel Brigham, Artemus Ward, went to him one day after the school was dismissed, and pleaded with him not to abuse the child so shockingly. This had the desired effect.

Barnums Rice taught two winters in succession very acceptably to the district, and then two winters more after I left off going to school. He punished but little, except by his tongue. He would call up a scholar and talk one hour with him without letting up, unless it was to stop to mend a pen or two and then go on again. His method of punishment was to shame a scholar for his conduct, and he did it very thoroughly. About the second or third day of the school he would say: "All of the scholars who are going to write this winter, I want should get pen knives, so they can mend their pens." After teaching twenty-five winters or more, he gave it up, but did not get wealthy by teaching at twenty dollars per month and boarding himself. He left Southboro and went to Boston, and there died.

Burleigh Bullard, son of Dr. Joseph Bullard, taught in the West district three winters in succession. He was much beloved by his scholars and was well fitted for college, but for some reason did not go. He raised the standard of education very much. The two last winters he taught we claimed and had the credit of being the banner district of the town. He left the old ruts of teaching and adopted many new methods. He held evening schools for the first and second classes, about once a week, for improvement in reading, spelling and arithmetic, and for social improvement and a good time generally. He would mix with his scholars in their social games out doors, and yet he would preserve his dignity as a master and teacher, and there are but few that can do that. The truth is, the scholars loved him, and he loved his calling. He has long ago passed away.

Alfred Gibbs, who came from Cambridge, taught one winter. Of the man and his teaching there is something that may be interesting. Small in stature, of good mind and a fair education, he introduced a new thing into the school. He read the Bible and then opened the school with prayer, which was a new thing in the West district. The former way was for first classes to read the Bible, and then to commence our studies. But I think there would have been no difficulty in the school if he had done nothing but read the Bible and open the school with prayer. But during the session of the school he sometimes would spend an hour in talking with the scholars upon the subject of religion and the importance of becoming Christians. He held prayer meetings at the houses of Josiah Johnson, Webster Johnson and John Chamberlain, and quite an interest was felt in the district upon the subject of religion. From that little nucleus sprang the Orthodox church in Southboro; and the same year, I think, Rev. Mr. Train, of Framingham, came into the east part of the town and held evening meetings in the East school-house and Fayville, and from those meetings came the Baptist church in Fayville. Now in regard to Mr. Gibbs. On account of the opposition from the larger scholars, who were put up to it by some of the parents, he left the school before the term expired, without any examination, and went back to Sturbridge. I find recorded in the doings of the March meeting in 1821 that the town voted to choose a committee of five persons to hire school masters and mistresses, and to make regulations in the schools. Chose Rev. Jeroboam Parker, Jeremiah Newton, Peter Fay, Jonas Ball and Northon Bridges. That is the first committee of which I find any record, chosen by the town, to regulate the schools. It was probably on account of trouble in schools the previous winter. But the town soon went back to the old order of things.

Ethan Temple of Shrewsbury taught one winter. He was a man somewhat in years, slovenly in his dress and general appearance. He did not "take" with the ribs of the school. He was a great lover of that weed which no animal in the world

but man and the rock goat will eat, a man of limited education. He kept in his desk a large manuscript, and about all the sums in Adams and Pike's arithmetic were worked out there. When the large boys would go up to his desk to be shown how to do the sum, he would out with his manuscript, then he could tell them how to do it. That winter I found true the axiom that one thing found out by yourself is worth more than two told you by the teacher. He left the school before his term expired, without any examination. He has long been gone to a land from whence no traveler returns.

Adolphus Brigham, of Marlboro, taught one winter in the West district. He was very methodical in all his teaching, requiring the scholars to understand what they studied. A self-made man, a gentleman in the school room and out of it; a true friend and a safe counsellor. He studied medicine, married one of his scholars, Eliza Parker, the daughter of Swain Parker, and commenced his practice in Shrewsbury, and was very successful as a physician. He has passed away.

Charles Devens, William Brigham and Mr. Richardson, young men from Harvard college, taught in Southboro in the winter of 1827 or '26. Devens taught in the West district. He was a young man of very fine figure, neat and lovely in his person, urbane in his manners, modest in his ways, and his very smiles were bewitching. I did not blame the large girls for falling in love with him. We big boys were very jealous of him, for we were a set of clowns compared with him. He taught a good school and had a fine examination. He graduated with honor at Harvard, became an Episcopal minister, went down south, and I have not heard from him in many years.

William Brigham, who taught the same winter in the Center district, was born on Brigham Hill, Grafton. A young man of good personal appearance, six feet and two inches in height, and of good proportion. We boys thought him to be a little green when he was among the girls. He boarded at Parson Parker's. The family consisted of six girls and two boys. I recollect that soon after he commenced his school, my brother Temple and

myself were invited to the minister's house to spend an evening in conversation. Mr. Brigham proposed the game of blind-man's-buff. Not having played that game in a mixed company, and being at the minister's house, I was frightened. Mr. Brigham consented to be blinded first, and when he stood in the middle of the room, with his arms extended, he could swing a circle of seven feet, and the way we went pell-mell around the room, and over the chairs, was enough to frighten all the rats out of the house. We expected the old minister would put in his appearance every moment, but probably he had not got his sermon finished. Mr. Brigham graduated with honor, studied law, opened an office in Boston, and was successful as lawyer and legislator. We always kept up our acquaintance. He passed away a few years ago.

Mr. Richardson, who taught the East district that winter, I was not much acquainted with.

Two more celebrities I will mention. John Barrett, of Hopkinton, the famous linguist and grammarian, sometimes went to the adjoining towns and taught grammar schools, and at the same time languages. He was an intemperate man, but when teaching never used any intoxicating liquor. In the spring of 1818 or 1819, Joel Burnett got him to come to Southboro and teach school. He taught in the West district, having about twenty scholars. Joel Burnett, Calvin Newton and Temple Fay studied languages, the others grammar. He boarded at my father's. He was then writing his grammar, and he would sit up till one and two o'clock in the morning, and then go to bed and lie till breakfast time. He weighed about 250 pounds, and was the nearest to a pig of any animal I ever saw. My father killed his hogs, and he caught a pailful of blood and made it into blood puddings, with Indian meal, and he devoured the whole of it. He would snore so in the night it was almost impossible for the family to sleep. He would sit and sing Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He was perfect in those languages. He was sometimes very cross in his school, and when his scholars did not recite right, he would say: "Go over it again, you, and repeat it." He

made a yearly pilgrimage to Harvard college, but has long since passed away.

The next were Misses Olivia Thayer and Abigail Thayer, who taught in the hall of the house owned by Fitch Winchester. Col. Jonas Ball procured the teachers. Their mode of teaching was something new for the town of Southboro. It consisted of reading, elocution, grammar, politeness of manners, how to sit in a chair, to stand, walk, to leave a room, to receive company, to courtesy, and last though not least, how to kiss with civility—that comes very natural to some people—and to have the programme complete they had to have four little boys in the school. Their names were Abner Parker, Gilbert Parker, Amasa Murdock and William Mellin; and for the dialogue at the close of the school, they introduced four more young men, Sullivan Fay, Temple Fay, Nahum Fay and Cutting Bullard. There was a great improvement in society, especially in the fine arts. They closed their school, occupying the day and evening, the evening with dialogues and speaking, Col. Joseph Ball being the chief marshal.

Here endeth my school-boy days. I hope my readers will excuse my using the personal pronoun so much.

When I review the past and think of the companions of my school-days, it gives me moments of sadness, for about all of them have passed away.

Southboro was incorporated July 17, 1727, and the first town meeting, called by order of the general court, was held July 24, 1727, at the house of Timothy Brigham. This house was located where the St. Mark's school now is. The old house was taken down in 1817, and a new one built, the same year, by Perley Whipple. This meeting elected for its moderator, William Ward; for selectmen—Capt. William Ward, Lieut. John Bellows, William Johnson, Sr., John Woods, Samuel Ward; for town clerk, Capt. William Ward; for assessors—Capt. William Ward, Jonathan Witt, John Amsden; for constable, James Newton; tything-men—Timothy Johnson, Benjamin Newton; treasurer, John Wood; surveyors of highways, William Ward, Othniel Taylor; hog reeves—Nath. Joslin, James Bellows.

The second town meeting was called by the order of the selectmen at the house of Timothy Brigham, August 28, 1727, at 9 o'clock, A. M. At that meeting, they chose William Johnson moderator, William Ward clerk. The principal business was to get a minister of "good standing to preach God's word unto them," to locate the place for the meeting-house and for burying-ground. After spending days upon the location for the meeting-house and being unable to agree upon the spot, they left it to a large committee chosen from the neighboring towns. Not being satisfied by the doings of the committee they dismissed them, and called a new committee; and they selected a spot which was satisfactory to the town. Many town meetings were held by adjournment from Aug. 28 to Feb. 16, following, and the doings filled eleven pages in the large record book, closely written.

The second town meeting for the choice of town officers (by the order of the selectmen) was held at the house of Lieut. John Bellows, on March 11, 1728. Chose for moderator, James Newton; selectmen—Moses Newton, Lieut. Bellows, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Mathis, Capt. Ward; town clerk, Capt. William Ward; constable, Jonathan Witt; assessors—Capt. William Ward, John Amsden, John Mathis, Sr.; surveyor of highways, David Fay; tything-men—Samuel Taylor, Isaac Newton; treasurer, John Woods; fence viewers—David Fay, Timothy Johnson; hog reeves—Benjamin Mixer, Samuel Newton. Lieut. Bellows was elected clerk of market, and what his business was must remain a mystery. At this meeting the town voted not to grant any money—a sure way of not running into debt.

I will now give the names of the early leading men. William Ward, who was justice of the peace and colonel of the regiment, was the moderator of the first town meeting called by the order of the general court under the colonial government. He was the descendant of an ancient family that came to this country in 1639. His house was occupied a long time, before and since my remembrance, by Daniel Walker. In the great blow of 1815, a piece of the roof was blown off and a portion of the gable end. It was the most elaborate house there was here during the first

hundred years. It was demolished about forty years ago. Col. Ward occupied many places of trust and honor in the town for twenty years. He was the first representative to the general court after the incorporation. The Wards were never very numerous here. The name of Ward in town has now almost become extinct.

William Johnson, who was chosen moderator of the first business town meeting, held Aug. 28, 1727, descended from one of the earliest families of Puritans settled in Massachusetts, and took a very prominent part in town affairs, for many years, representing the town in general court, and was frequently put on important committees in town. For three generations after him the Johnsons were among the ablest families we had in town. But much of the fame and the glory has departed from that ancient house, but few of the Johnsons remaining in town.

Dr. John Bellows lived very near where the depot is located, in the center of the town. His house was built for a garrison house. It has been gone about fifty years. Dr. Bellows' ancestors came to this country on its early settlement, and made their way to Marlboro and settled in the southern part, which afterwards became Southboro. He, with his coadjutors of the same name, took an active part in all the business transactions of the town. He was chosen one of the first deacons of the church, which was organized Oct. 21, 1730, and for many years that name was prominent in church and town affairs. There are some of the descendants in town even now.

James Newton, who was the descendant of Richard Newton, who came to this country about the year 1640, was chosen moderator of the first town meeting held by order of the selectmen. I find the Newtons to have been quite numerous when the town was incorporated, seven of them signing the petition for the act of incorporation, and in looking over the records I find that the early Newtons had very large families, from ten to twelve children each. It has been more numerous than any other name in town, and the Newtons have held offices of honor and trust since the incorporation of the town. They were the largest in

number about the commencement of this century. Though now much reduced in number, they have not fallen off in quality. So far as regards accumulation of property, the early Newtons were not very successful. They were mostly farmers, but always had a competency.

I find on the old church record that two were made deacons, Gideon Newton, 1756, and Josiah Newton, 1800. We have now a judge in town by the name of Newton, who wears the ermine with dignity and ability.

John Woods' house was located about midway on the road leading from Emory B. Taylor's to the Marlboro road, a large mansion built in the style of one hundred and fifty years ago. It has been gone about forty years. Mr. Woods' ancestors came to this country in its early settlement. Mr. Woods was chosen town treasurer and selectman, at the first town meeting, held under order of the great and general court. There were quite a number of prominent men of that name who took an active part in town affairs, and I find on the church records the name of David Woods, chosen as one of the deacons, 1741. The name now has almost become extinct here.

Jonathan Witt, who married Lydia Mathis, the daughter of John Mathis, was chosen town assessor at the first town meeting. He took an active part in town and church affairs, and was elected one of the first deacons in 1730. The name has been gone from the town more than one hundred years.

Othniel Taylor, Samuel Taylor and Daniel Taylor were active men in the early history of the town. They were early occupants of those two beautiful hills overlooking that charming valley at the east part of the town. They and their descendants were called to fill positions of honor in the town for many years. Ezra Taylor, who was elected town clerk in 1756, was the best penman on the town records for one hundred years. After the incorporation, Ezra Taylor, Trowbridge Taylor and William Taylor, children of the first Ezra Taylor, were some of the best writers in town in their day, and were called to fill important places of trust during their active period of life. They all repre-



sented the town either under the colonial or state government. They were a remarkable family, not large in numbers, but above mediocrity in ability. The name has become extinct in town.

David Fay, born in Marlboro, April 23, 1679 (the son of John Fay, who came to this country in its early settlement) married, May 1, 1699, Sarah Larkin, and settled in the southern part of Marlboro, which is now Southboro. His house, or log cabin, was located somewhere near where the East end school house stands, and his was the first family by the name of Fay located in Southboro. It seems, by the record, that he had twelve children. That was a good start to begin with, and I find on record that two of his sons, Aaron and Robert Fay, had two wives each (not at one time) who had ten children apiece, making forty. Some wag of a woman told my first wife, when she was about to enter into co-partnership with myself, that she had better beware, for the Fays were a most prolific race.

Now in regard to my connection with the Fays of Southboro. My great-great-grandfather, John Fay, who was one of the first settlers of Westboro, was a brother of Daniel Fay, who located himself in Southboro. My grandfather, Josiah Fay, who was born in Westboro, in 1731, removed to Southboro about the year 1750, and about all the Fays in the "borough towns" sprang from one common ancestor. Allow me one word in connection with my grandfather, which ought to have been put into the history of the town of Southboro, as prepared for the Worcester County History. (I can account for its omission in no other way than that my grandfather was not born in Fayville.) He commanded the company of minute-men who marched in the early morn, on the 19th of April, 1775, to Concord. The battle was fought before he got there, but he followed on to Cambridge. He was ordered to Dorchester Heights, and there he stayed during the occupation by the British of the town of Boston. He enlisted in the army during the war. He was promoted to be a major, and then ordered to New York. He died in New York city, in the service of his country, August 8, 1776, aged 44 years.

Now, in looking at the record of the Fays in Southboro, I find they have filled important offices of honor in church, town, county, state and United States. My time and space will not allow me to call over the names of all the Fays who have honored the places of trust which they have filled. Francis Fay (the son of Aaron Fay) born in obscurity and living in poverty, a man of great quietness, but blest with one excellent quality, good common sense, had three sons, Dexter, Francis and Sullivan, who have probably filled more offices than any other three men in town. They all commenced life in poverty, but with energy, perseverance and pluck they made their way up the ladder of life.

Dexter Fay represented the town in the general court four times, filled about every office in town, and was frequently put on important committees. He rose from a private's rank to be colonel of the regiment, and filled the office well. He was a merchant and farmer, and attended the Brighton market weekly for forty years, selling the fat cattle for the farmers of this town, as well as adjoining towns, and in the fall of the year he would bring into town large droves of cattle to sell the farmers, by which means he was a great benefit to this town. His honor and his word never passed at a discount. He was the savings bank of the town for more than thirty years. In the latter part of his life he gave up the reins to his boys.

Francis B. Fay represented the town in the general court three times, and filled many of the important offices in town, always discharging his duty faithfully. He gave \$1,500 for a town library, was chosen trustee of the library as long as he lived, was postmaster of the town a number of years, represented the county of Worcester as senator, was a deputy sheriff, represented Suffolk county as a senator, was elected to the house of representatives of the United States, rose from a private's rank to be colonel of the regiment, and came very near being a brigadier-general. It was a tie vote between him and Col. Lee of Templeton, and after spending almost one day in voting, the contest was given up, and they put in Col. Holman of Bolton. Mr. Fay was elected mayor of Chelsea, director in banks, was the originator of the reform

school for girls at Lancaster, and for many years a trustee. His face was always lit up with a smile, and he had a good word for everybody. He one day went to the office of Willis, the banker on State street, and said, "Mr. Willis, I have all the money I want in this world." Mr. Willis, taking him by the arm, said: "I want you to go with me to Mr. Black's. I want your photograph taken to hang up in my office; I want to show to every man that comes into my place that there is one man who has all the money he wants in this world. 'It is not all of life to live.'"

Sullivan Fay filled about every office in the town of Southboro, and to the acceptance of his fellow townsmen, and was frequently called to important committees in the town. He represented the town three years in the general court, was senator for Worcester county one year, was a member of the constitutional convention, postmaster for a number of years, justice of the peace, trustee of the Fay library, president and director of Framingham bank, a conveyancer of real estate, and at one time had thirty estates on his hands to settle. He was a very feeble man in body all his life, but I think he did more brain work than any man of his age that ever lived in town.

These three Fays that I have mentioned were cradled in poverty, but it never took away any of their manhood but made it brighter. They commenced at the lower round of the ladder and gradually ascended to the top, and that is the true plan for every young man who means to succeed in this world.

I find on the old church records four names of those who were called to fill the place of deacons—John Fay, 1767; Hezekiah Fay, 1789; Brigham Fay, 1822; and Manasseh Fay.

In regard to property, the Fays have generally been quite successful. The family arrived at their zenith in numbers and wealth about fifty years ago. They were worth then more than one-half of the town of Southboro, including the real and personal estate. But it is just as true now as it was in the day of Solomon, that "One heapeth up and another scattereth." The name and the property are on the wane, and the glory is past.

John Mathis (the name is spelled three different ways), who

married Mary Johnson, was another of the petitioners for the town of Southboro. His house stood not far from the one now occupied by Mr. Kaylor. He took an active part in all the business transactions of the town and filled many of the important offices, but the name has long ago become extinct in town.

Timothy Brigham, at whose house the first town meeting was held, and Nathan Brigham, with their descendants, were called by their fellow-townsmen to fill places of honor in the town for many years, and to represent the town in the general court. During the first hundred years of the town those of this name were numerous, but now their number is quite limited.

I find another name contemporary with the birth of the town, Samuel Lyscom, Esq., and I should judge from his record that he was a man much above mediocrity in ability, filling every important office in town. He was the second representative of the town under the colonial government. From his farm originated the famous Lyscom apple. The name in town has been extinct for a long time.

The last that I shall mention, though not the least, is John Amsden, who filled more town offices the first twenty-five years after the incorporation than any other man, as I find by the old record. Some years he was chosen moderator, town clerk, first selectman, assessor, treasurer, constable and teacher of the schools, and other minor offices, and was frequently put on important committees. He filled the office of town clerk from 1732 to 1756, the longest time any man has filled that office since the incorporation of the town. He was chosen deacon of the church in 1736, and took an active part in the business transactions of that body, and he was one of the most active men in town in church affairs for the first twenty-five years. The active men of that name have long since passed away.

I find that on the eleventh day of May, 1732, the town was called to Worcester to answer to several presentments before the grand jury. The first was for not having any school kept in town: the second, not having any standard weights and measures; third, for want of stocks and brands and stamps. The town chose Wil-

liam Johnson to go to Worcester to answer to several indictments. I think he did his duty faithfully for the town, for I find all his charges to be only ten shillings. The town immediately took steps to comply with the conditions of her act of incorporation, as follows: To cash paid Daniel Taylor, for brand and stamps, £1, 6s., 7d.; Timothy Johnson, pair of stocks, 10s.; Timothy Johnson, for keeping school, £6; Samuel Bellows, for the same service, £4, 10s.

SOUTHBOROUGH, March ye 5th, 1733.

A Petition of Samuel Fisk, to the Selectmen of the town of Southboro,

GENTLEMEN:—It hath pleased God to order the habitations of all men, to cast my lot amongst you in this town, in declining years, and am no longer capable of providing for myself a comfortable sustenance in the world, by reason of my age, and the infirmities attending the same. Therefore I desire your charitable care of me, not only for dayly support, but chiefly that I may decently attend public worship of God in his house.

I am your survant,  
SAMUEL FISKE.

It appears by the record that he had fallen into the hands of land sharks who had taken his property away from him. The town, acting under his petition, chose a committee to look into his affairs.

It was customary, in the early settlement of the towns, when a poor person came into town from any other town to warn him out. By so doing they would not be held liable for his support. I find many such cases on record. I will give one example;

SOUTHBORO, April ye 27, 1724.

By virtue of the written warrant, I have warned John Taylor forthwith to depart and leave the town of Southboro, as ye law directs.

ISAAC NEWTON, Constable.

I will mention one thing more that I find on record, and I wish the towns would take that course now—of choosing their ablest men for constables. A few names will suffice: William Johnson,

William Ward, John Amsden, Timothy Johnson, Isaac Johnson, Timothy Brigham, Samuel Lyscomb; and the fine was £5 if any one would not serve.

→ April ye 28, 1735, the town called Doctor John Mathis to account for not serving as a constable for the year ensuing. They agreed to let him off by paying forty shillings to his son, Daniel Mathis, who was chosen to fill his place.

These old settlers in Southboro were like the granite and marble blocks as they come from the quarry, lacking the polish and refinement of these modern days, but perhaps with more of solidity and stability. The fathers were strong men in character and in good, robust common sense.

Some reflections occur to me in this connection. First: Men degenerate by idleness, luxury and profligacy. It is seldom that a man of great intellect lives in his posterity beyond the third generation. Take the great men who have made their mark in the world for the last thousand years and what do you know about their grandchildren, or even their children? Take some in our own country, men like Daniel Webster, what of the second generation or of the third? Mere dwarfs. Clay or Calhoun, did you ever hear anything about their children?

The most remarkable family we have in this country is the family that descended from John Adams. There have been two presidents, and there are two more capable of filling the place. In regard to great wealth, it hardly ever descends below the third generation, because the children are brought up in idleness and luxury.

Having prepared a record of some of the most notable events, remarking locations of interest and the achievements and characteristics of leading men during the first fifty years after the incorporation of the town of Southboro, I now propose to review, in about the same way, the next fifty years. I will begin with the year 1774 and extend my account to the year 1825.

Many of the persons about whom I may write I never saw, neither had I personal knowledge of the events; but my father was well acquainted with them all. He was to me a walking

encyclopædia, a man of remarkable memory, frequently rehearsing the lives of men and the events of the past.

During the year 1774 many important events occurred, the town taking a decided stand against the encroachments of the mother country. At a town meeting held Sept. 5, 1774, the vote was put to see if the town would have two military companies, which was decided in the negative. The town then voted to have one military company. Josiah Fay was unanimously chosen captain. The town then voted to have two lieutenants in said company; chose Elijah Bellows, first lieutenant; Seth Newton, second lieutenant. Chose Asahel Mathews ensign of said company; chose Joshua Smith, clerk; Jonathan Champney, first sergeant; Elijah Brigham, second sergeant; Joseph Witherbee, third sergeant; Benj. Parker, fourth sergeant.

Voted to choose the corporals by nomination and hand vote: Chose James Williams first, Moses Bruce second, Ezekiel Collins third, Ebenezer Richards fourth corporal of said company.

Voted to choose a committee to propose a draft containing rules and orders to regulate both officers and soldiers in future military movements. Chose Ezra Taylor, Josiah Fay and James Parker for said committee.

Voted to approve of the people of this town going to Worcester tomorrow to enter their dissent against the sitting of the court of common pleas to be holden there.

Voted that Manasseh Stow lead such as be disposed to go, and keep them under due regulation.

Voted to accept and sign the draft of the committee relating to the non-consumption agreement.

Voted that the said agreement be recorded in the town book with names of the signers.

The agreement is as follows: We, the subscribers, inhabitants of Southboro, having taken into our serious consideration the precarious state of liberties in North America, and more especially the dissatisfied condition of this province—embarrassed as it is by many acts of the British parliament tending to entire subversion of our natural and chartered rights, among which is

the act for blocking up the harbor at Boston—and being sensible of our indispensable duty to lay hold on every means in our power to preserve and recover the much injured constitution of our country, do covenant and engage with each other :

First—That from henceforth we will suspend all commercial intercourse with the island of Great Britain until the said act for blocking up the harbor be repealed, and restoration of our chartered rights be obtained to our acceptance.

Second—That there may be less temptation to others to continue in the now dangerous commerce, we do in like manner covenant that we will not buy, purchase or consume, or suffer any persons to buy for, or under us purchase or consume, in any manner whatever, any goods, wares or merchandise which shall arrive in America from Great Britain aforesaid, from and after the first day of October next, excepting and reserving full liberty to trade in all sorts of warlike stores—clothing excluded.

Third—We agree to break off all trade whatsoever with all persons who, preferring their own private interests to the salvation of their now perishing country, shall continue to import goods from Great Britain, or purchase of those who do import.

Fourth—And since a cessation of trade with Great Britain must for a while put a stop to the free circulation of cash, whereby the payment of just debts will become more difficult, we promise that we will not commence needless lawsuits against the honest and industrious who are endeavoring to pay their just debts. And, on the other hand, we will not take advantage by the scarcity of cash to neglect paying our just dues, hereby maintaining law and harmony among ourselves.

Fifth and last—We agree that after this or similar covenant has been offered any person, and they refuse to sign it, we will consider them as gross neglecters of their duty in the important article of our liberties ;—all of which we agree to continue firm in until our British liberties are restored or this agreement or any



part thereof be legally changed by a vote of the major part of the signers.

Witness our hands, Sept. 5, 1774.

Manasseh Stow  
Isaac Johnson  
Asahel Moore  
William Collins  
Solomon Newton  
Jonas Ball  
James Parker  
Absalom Ward  
James Bellows, Sr.  
Ephraim Ward  
John Fay  
John Bent  
Basciel Walker  
Benjamin Parker  
John Stearns  
Abner Parker  
Elisha Hedge  
Amos Newton  
Joel Newton  
Jotham Bellows  
William Onthank  
Aaron Fay  
Robert Fay  
Moses Bellows  
Edward Chamberlain  
Ezekiel Newton  
Jonathan Ward  
Samuel Phillips  
David Newton  
Peter Brewer  
Nathan Brigham, Jr.  
John Amsden  
Joseph Graves  
Solomon Ward  
Hezekiah Fay  
Ezekiel Collins  
Charles Newton  
Aaron Fay, Jr.  
Joseph Newton  
Jesse Amsden

Edward Newton  
Asahel Mathews  
Seth Newton  
Mark Collins, Sr.  
Simon Fazer  
Amos Newton, 2d  
Nathan Bridges  
Phineas Bemis  
James Bellows, Jr.  
William Winchester  
Alexander Newton  
Ebenezer Collins  
Daniel Johnson  
Ezra Newton  
Edmund Chamberlain  
Jabez Newton  
John Morse  
Joseph Witherbee  
Ebenezer Richards  
Ezra Taylor, Jr.  
Timothy Angier  
Jonathan Champney  
Elijah Brigham  
Joshua Smith  
Moses Newton  
James Williams  
Joseph Bridges  
Tyrus Newton  
Elisha Fay  
John Leonard  
Josiah Fay  
Elijah Bellows  
Samuel Hudson, Sen.  
Aaron Amsden  
Samuel Newton  
John Britton  
John Newton  
Lemuel Newton  
Silas Newton  
Asa Fay

John Angier  
 James Bridges  
 James Amsden  
 Elijah Newton  
 Benjamin Smith  
 Peter Brewer, Jr.  
 Jedediah Parker  
 John Johnson  
 John Richards  
 Nathaniel Graves  
 Gideon Newton, Jr.  
 Ephraim Amsden  
 John Bellows  
 Reuben Newton  
 Nathan Fay  
 Edmund Newton  
 Solomon Leonard  
 Isaac Holden

Phineas Bemis  
 Elisha Johnson  
 James Onthank  
 Jonah Johnson  
 Jacob Gibbs  
 Reuben Fay  
 Samuel Howe  
 Nathaniel Fay  
 William Williams  
 Paul Newton  
 Zaccheus Newton  
 Oliver Newton  
 Simeon Harvey  
 Nathan Taplin  
 Mark Collins, Jr.  
 Samuel Hudson, Jr.  
 David Newton, Jr.  
 Thomas Stone

With the mention of a few incidents and reflections I close this subject.

There was a certain prominent man who failed to appear at the signing of the foregoing agreement at the center of the town. It was said he was strongly tinctured with toryism. Capt. Fay ordered Sergt. Elijah Brigham to take a squad of men and bring him. The order was quickly obeyed. On arriving at the house, Sergt. Brigham made known his orders. The man wanted to know by what authority he was to be thus taken to the centre, and the reply he received was, "By the authority of the body." The man immediately filed in and they marched toward town, where he signed the agreement.

In looking over the names of those who signed this agreement, I find that the descendants of more than one-half have become extinct in the town of Southboro.

There may be some living in other parts of the country, but from us they have gone forever. "Our fathers, where are they?"

Furthermore, among all those who signed that agreement (and probably they were nearly all farmers) I cannot find over eight families that cultivate the farms which were occupied by their ancestors one hundred years ago, and only one house that is now

occupied by the descendants of the same family by which it was built and occupied one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

The next item of interest that claims our attention is as follows :

The town wished to have the great and general court removed from Boston, on account of the bad influence there exerted on country members. The instructions I give in their own language :

“Always bearing in mind a deep sense of the public good and the peace and happiness of the commonwealth, at the same time tenacious of its rights and expenditures of the public monies, and having long viewed the sitting of the great and general court in the metropolis of this commonwealth to be a public injury to its constituents from various reasons, viz :

“First—Ofttimes too great and warm have been the disputes between landed interests and that of trade, whereby we humbly conceive that when the house has had such disputes the interest of the public has not been the ultimate object, each separate interest contending for its own advantage, and as we humbly conceive, great advantages are taken by absence of members from the country, and constant insinuations instilled into the minds of such as can be influenced by the opposite side, which has unhappily created jealousy between the town and country, which ought not to be subject in that great assembly.

“Second—Inasmuch as many of the members chosen into the general court are men of trade, whose interests are much connected in town, who do not carefully attend to the business of their appointment, but are transacting business for themselves in their constituents' time and pay, to the retarding of public business for their own emoluments, when their own time ought to be devoted for the general good. Various instances might be mentioned here, but let this suffice, and for the remedying of these evils you, sir, are instructed to use your utmost influence as soon as the general court is convened, and the several elections are made for the ensuing year, to have the great and general court removed from the metropolis of this commonwealth to some convenient place in the country, where every branch of that assembly may be wholly devoted to their several appointments, which is their duty and the

expectation of their constituents. And after you have done your utmost endeavors in such way and manner as to you shall appear most salutary to effect the removal of the court, and cannot obtain the same, you are further instructed to return to your constituents and to remain under their immediate direction."

Those instructions were given to Capt. Seth Newton, their representative. It showed independence, pluck and grit, of which the old Puritans were largely possessed.

"SOUTHBORO, Feb. 11, 1777.

"We, the subscribers, selectmen and committee of correspondence for the town of Southboro, pursuant to an act of the general court of this state—an act to prevent monopoly and oppression—have, agreeable to the power invested in us by said act, affixed and settled the following prices unto the hereinafter named articles, viz. :

"Farming labour, two best months in the year—from the 15th of June to the 15th of August—three shillings.

"For next three best months—two shillings per day.

"For four of the next best months—1s. 8d. per day.

"For the three winter months—1s. 3d. per day.

"For good wheat, 6s. 8d. per bushel.

"For good rye, 2s. 4d. per bush.

"For good Indian corn, 3s. 2d. per bush.

"For good sheep's wool, 2d. per pound.

"Fresh pork and of best quality, 4d. per pound.

"Salt pork, 7d. per pound.

"Good grass-fed beef, 2d. 2far. per pound.

"Best stall-fed beef, 3d. 1far. per pound.

"Raw hides, 3d. per pound.

"Raw calf-skins, 6d. per lb.

"Tavern keepers for the best meal of victuals, one shilling per meal, and for the common sort, 8d. per meal.

"For a mug of West India flip, 10d.

"For a mug New England flip, 8d.

"For 1-2 gill of West India rum, 2d.

"For 1-2 gill of New England rum, 1d. 2far.

“For a mess of oats for keeping a horse 24 hours, 1s. 3d. ; yoke oxen one night, 1s. 6d.

“One night lodging, 3d.

“Lump butter, 9d. per lb.

“Firken butter, 8d. 2far. per lb.

“Good peas, 7s. per bush.

“Good beans, 5s. per bush.

“Good potatoes in the fall, 1s. ; in the spring, 1s. 4d. per bush.

“Turnips, 8d. per bush. [ more than they are worth now].

“Good yarn stockings, 6s. per pair.

“Men’s shoes of the best sort, 7s. 5d. per pair. Women’s shoes in the same proportion.

“Good oats, 2s. per bush.

“Barley, 3s. 8d. Malt the same.

“Dress floss, 1s. per lb.

“Tried tallow, 7d., ruff, 4d. 2far. per lb.

“Yard wide, tow cloth, 2s. 3d. per yd.

“Coarse or cotton linen, the same.

“Tanning leather, 2d. per lb.

“Good mutton, 3d. 2far. per lb.

“Good veal, 2d. 2far. per lb.

“Lamb, 3d. per lb.

“Milk per quart, by grass, 1d. 2 far. ; by hay, 2d.

“English hay, the best, 2s. 8d. per hundred.

“Good heart barrels, 3s. 4d. ; sopp barrels, 2s. 6d.

“Cheese, the best, 5d. ; middling, 4d. ; poorer sort, 2d. 2 far. per lb.

“Retailers in spirituous liquors, profits not to exceed 8d. per gal.

“Cider, per barrel at the press, 3s. 4d. ; in the spring and summer, 6s.

“For making men’s shoes, 2s. 8d.

“Shoeing a horse with shoes, 4s. 4d.

“Women’s common work, 2s. 8d. per week.

“Good wood at the door, per cord, 6s.

“Charcoal, 3d. 1 far. per bushel at pit.

- "Weaving yard wide tow cloth, 4d. per yard.
- "Weaving ell wide woolen cloth, 4d. per yard.
- "Horse hire service, 2d. per mile.
- "For the hire of a good wagon, 3d. per mile.
- "For the hire of a good cart, 2d. per mile.
- "For making a good pair of cart wheels, £1, 12s.
- "For a good bed-stead,—6s. 4d.
- "Sawing board and slit work, 1s. 2 1-2 d.
- "Woman tailor, being good workman, 9d. per day.

ISAAC JOHNSON,  
DAVID NEWTON,  
JOHN ANGIER,  
DANIEL JOHNSON,

Com. of Correspondence for Southboro.

WILLIAM COLLINS,  
JOHN FAY,  
AARON FAY,  
NATHAN BRIDGES,  
JOSHUA SMITH,

Selectmen of Southboro."

It is very interesting to contrast the articles here enumerated—the food, the clothing, vehicles in which they rode, and the price of labor one hundred years ago—with like articles and prices of today. If the people increase as much in luxury and extravagance during the next hundred years, where shall we be as a nation? There will be many more failures than there are today.

It is the part of wisdom to learn from past experience—let us all be learners.

I find in the town records a fine of ten dollars, paid by Hon. Artemus Ward of Shrewsbury. He was major-general in the army of the Revolution, and justice of the court of common pleas for the county of Worcester. He was fined for a breach of the Sabbath done in Southboro. Truly, the Sabbath law then had no respect of persons.

The Shay Rebellion, as it was called, commenced in 1786 and culminated in 1787.

At a town meeting held the 26th of January, 1787, the second article was: "To hear the request of Col. Wheelock for raising eighteen men, rank and file, and to appoint one subaltern and one sergeant to march immediately to Worcester; and to hear a letter from Major-General Warner, and act thereon."

At the same time the training soldiers were notified and warned to meet at the same place.

After hearing Col. Wheelock's request and Gen. Warner's letter, it was voted that the selectmen go around and beat up for volunteers, but after parading the men none volunteered. Then they tried by subscription, and the following persons gave one dollar each: Isaac Johnson, Col. Ward, Major Champney, Nathan Bridges, Ezra Taylor, Edmund Chamberlain, Jonas Ball, Samuel Hudson, Samuel Horn, John Johnson, Dr. Uriel Montague, Reuben Fay, Peter Fay.

After holding a number of town meetings by adjournment the town voted to pay them six shillings each, as a bounty, before they started, and the men were immediately marched for Worcester and put themselves under Col. Wheelock's command.

Now, what was the cause of this trouble? The nation had just got through with one rebellion with the mother country and come off victorious; but it left the people in great distress and poverty, especially the farming community.

The circulating medium, the old Continental money, had been reduced to a mere nothing. It took one hundred dollars of the currency to get one of silver. The town had paid one or two fines for not meeting the state tax, and on one occasion the town paid Abner Parker ten dollars as a bonus for loaning them one hundred dollars in silver. That was for the state tax. He was the only blacksmith then in town, and the only man who could furnish the money.

I relate this instance to show the extreme poverty of the town; and what added to the distress, there was much litigation among the people. The courts were overrun with business. The farmers were in trouble and they thought the lawyers were getting the lion's share—the lawyers haven't changed much. Another thing

the people in the interior much desired was that the great and general court be removed from Boston. Worcester and the western counties took an active part in the rebellion, and, I am sorry to say, Concord, who drew the first blood from the mother country, was about ready to rise against her own.

In Southboro there was a strong opposition against the government, but no open demonstration; but, as my father would occasionally say, "They were very, very Shaysey." The state waited patiently, but when the time came for action it was decisive and complete, and all was calm again.

It was worth considering that the ill feeling and turmoil which afflicted the state might have been avoided or removed if the more favored classes—the governing party of that day—had felt a deeper sympathy with the common people, and shown a proper alacrity in relieving them of some of their burdens and teaching them to bear others with patience.

On Sept. 25, 1786, the town voted to send a delegate to the convention to be holden in Paxton Tuesday, Sept. 26. This was a rebellion convention. A committee was chosen to give said delegate instructions. That committee consisted of the following persons: Dr. James Parker, Solomon Newton, Benj. Parker, Nathan Bridges, Ezra D. Taylor. The first delegate chosen was William Onthank; the town dismissed him and then made choice of Capt. Seth Newton. The instructions that were given him were never recorded. It was a state of incipient rebellion, but it was soon brought to a close by the prompt action of the government.

At a town meeting called on the first day of January, 1786, the following is Article 6: "To see if the town will call Peter Fay to account for his misdemeanor in cutting a large elm tree on the road leading from his house to Isaac Johnson's, or act thereon." Several votes being passed on this article and long debated, the town finally voted to pass it over forever.

If some of the women in Southboro had the reins in their hands the writer of this article would have been brought to account for cutting some eighty rods of wood that lined the road leading to



“Love Lane.” “The scorn of a woman is terrible, but in wrath they remember mercy.”

A good shot. In July, 1788, a young man who made his home in Southboro took it into his head to go, one Sunday evening, sky-larking down to Framingham. He had strong attractions that way. He started for his home just before the dawn of day. On his way he would pass by the house of Ezra Taylor, which was one story, hip roof. The house stood very near the present residence of Horace Nichols. It was quite probable that he wished to see all the sights, and accordingly drew near said house and put his face up to the glass. Mr. Taylor rose up just at that time and, as was his usual custom, took a cud of tobacco from his tobacco-box. (The old-fashioned tobacco-boxes were made of iron, about four inches long and three wide, oval in form, closed by a spring, and weighed probably half a pound.) He immediately saw the face and “drew bow to venture,” and he did not miss his mark; it struck the man over one of his eyes, causing a very severe wound, requiring the attention of a physician. Mr. Taylor tracked the man several rods by drops of blood. The man carried the mark as long as he lived. He was my uncle. The story is true.

The death of the Rev. Nathan Stone, which took place on May 31, 1781, after a pastorate of fifty years, caused the whole town to go into mourning, for he was greatly beloved by his people. On the 28th day of June, 1781, the town voted unanimously to join with the church in appointing July 12 as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, that the death of their beloved pastor might be sanctified to them for their spiritual good.

Voted, to invite the neighboring ministers to attend the fast. The following ministers were chosen: Rev. Mr. Parkman of Westboro, Rev. Mr. Bridge of Marlboro, Rev. Mr. Bigelow of Weston, Rev. Mr. Sumner of Shrewsbury, Rev. Mr. Whitney of Northboro, Rev. Mr. Fitch of Hopkinton, and Rev. Mr. Kellogg of Framingham.

Now let me repeat the words of my father; he said: “It was the most solemn day the town had ever seen.” He had been a

faithful minister for fifty years. He had been the arbiter to settle difficulties between individuals, and the people looked up to their minister. He married my grandfather in 1753 and my father in 1781, just before his death which I have herein mentioned.

The town continued without a settled minister till June 1, 1791, and during that time the pulpit was supplied with a large number of candidates.

The following is a copy of a call extended to one of the candidates, Rev. Nathaniel Howe, who afterwards settled in Hopkinton, Mass. :

“COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Worcester, ss.

“The inhabitants of Southborough, in said county of Worcester, being legally assembled in legal town meeting, begun and held in said Southborough, on May 4th, 1789, and the church of Christ with other inhabitants of said town acting jointly in Christian union, have, and think proper to elect and choose Mr. Nathaniel Howe of Ipswich, in the county of Essex and said commonwealth, a candidate for gospel minister ; and do accordingly elect and make choice of the said Nathaniel Howe, and in a most serious and solemn manner invite and call him, the said Nathaniel Howe, to settle over and be ordained in the sacred work and labour in gospel ministry of Jesus Christ over said inhabitants of said Southborough, and in holy boldness and godly candor to take the charge over said church and people in the Lord, not lording it over God's heritage, but discharging the various duties appertaining to the office of the gospel minister of Jesus Christ according to rules laid down in the word of God contained in the Scriptures of Old and New Testament ; teaching and instructing, exhorting, persuading, advising, admonishing, reproofing and rebuking in public and in private, being instant in season and out of season as occasion may require, according to the word of God ; studying to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed ; rightly dividing the word of truth and administering the seal of the covenant, namely, baptism and the Lord's supper, to proper subjects of the same.

“And for reward of the service of the said Nathaniel Howe in the work of the ministry, if settled and ordained in the said town of Southborough, we, the said inhabitants, engage and promise him, the said Nathaniel Howe, his heirs and assigns, one hundred

and fifty-six pounds for settlement, accounting Spanish milled dollars, at six shillings each, and to pay one-half the same at the end of one year from and after his being ordained in said Southborough, and the other half part, being a like sum, at the end of two years from and after his being ordained. And also, to pay and deliver him, the said Nathaniel Howe, from his being ordained and during the time he continues to preach and perform as a gospel minister ought to do in said Southborough and no longer, seventy pounds accounting Spanish milled dollars, and also, to deliver him eighteen cords of good wood, merchantable fire wood four feet in length, each and every year from his being ordained and during his continuing to preach in said Southborough, money to be paid and wood to be delivered at the dwelling house of said Howe in Southborough, which is for his yearly salary. Which call is on conditions only that the said Nathaniel Howe shall not claim to himself a right to negative the said church in any matter of church discipline, anything contained herein to the contrary notwithstanding.

JONATHAN WARD,  
JONATHAN CHAMPNEY,  
URIEL MONTAGUE,  
NATHAN BRIDGES,  
JONAS BALL,  
Committee of said town."

The following is the reply of Mr. Howe to the foregoing call:

"To the church of Christ and other inhabitants of Southboro.

"Sensations of gratitude arise in my breast for the favorable opinion you have formed of me since the time I have resided with you, and whereas you have been pleased some time past to recall me to settle with you in this town as your gospel minister, it hath caused me carefully to consider your situation and mine, and to use the best of my judgment in this matter which is of so much importance both to you and me. Suffer me to inform you that I have asked direction of God and received advice of men, and after the most mature deliberation have concluded to answer you in the negative.

"The reasons of my answering you in this way are so numerous and various that you will please to excuse me from descending to particulars; but let me assure you that when taken together they appear to me to be quite sufficient, some of which do not regard the town nor its proceeding, and others, which have a considerable influence on my mind, are such as would not be well

for me to speak nor you to hear, since to relate them would give me pain and afford you no pleasure.

However, God, who is the righteous governor of the world, orders all things in Infinite wisdom and disposes of all events for His own glory and the best good of His people, and He hath promised that all things shall work together for good to them that love Him. Let us, then, feel our dependence upon Him, be resigned to the disposals of Providence, not murmuring under the disappointment of life, but cheerfully rendering obedience to Divine commands, determined to do our duty in all respects, for in this way we shall be supplied with all temporal and spiritual blessings and finally obtain an inheritance in that world where trouble shall never come.

Your sincere friend,

NATHANIEL HOWE.

"Delivered to the people Oct. 25, 1789."

There is no doubt but that the first church in Southboro was founded upon the rock Christ Jesus, He being the chief corner-stone. But after one hundred years various schisms gradually worked into the church and society. Many members became Free-thinkers (as it is called) and the church became lax in Christian ordinances and discipline, and from 1825 to 1835 the wheat and the chaff began to separate. They were years of hard feeling in neighborhoods, towns and even families. But the troubled sea at length became calm, and every man can now go to his own house of worship as it pleaseth him.

"Thanks be to God, who has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

At a meeting of the selectmen, Monday, August 11, 1790, the committee chosen by the town of Southboro to dispose of the old continental money met likewise and reported to the selectmen. They had sold the money to Ephraim Wheeler, he running the risk of counterfeit bills. It amounted to the sum of seventy-one thousand, five hundred twenty-three dollars and two cents (71,523.02). Mr. Wheeler gave for the above sum of continental money one hundred nine pounds, eighteen shillings and four pence (£109 18s. 4d.) in specie, which sum the treasur-

er received. The old money thus disposed of weighed nine pounds. Uriel Montague was town clerk.

Many people in this state were ruined by the depreciation of this old continental money. They kept it on hand, supposing it would eventually be redeemed by the government; but the government was bankrupt and had nothing with which to pay.

In the April meeting warrant of 1792 there was an article inserted to see if the town would consent to have the singing in the church and congregation performed from Watts' Psalms in lieu of the versions then in use. The town voted that the singers in church and congregation have liberty to sing Dr. Watts' Psalms during the town's pleasure. This change offended some of the people very much, but after a while they became reconciled to it. After a year or two the singers introduced a bass-viol. This was too much for some of the godly women, who left the house while the singers were performing. It was to them old cloven-foot himself in the shape of a bass-viol. But in the course of time even they regarded it in a more favorable light.

I will now name some of the men who were intimately associated in the town business from 1770 to 1800, occupying all the important offices from the representative to the hog driver:

Elijah Brigham, Isaac Johnson, Capt. Aaron Fay, Col. Jonathan Ward, Dea. John Fay, Lieut. William Collins, Dr. James Parker, Abner Parker, Ezra Taylor, Jonas Ball, Sr., Capt. Josiah Fay, Mark Collins, Capt. Seth Newton, Solomon Newton, Joshua Smith, Asahel Mathews, Maj. Jonathan Champney, Mark Collins, Jr., Dea. Hezekiah Fay, Dr. Uriel Montague, Nathan Bridges, Dr. Edmund Chamberlain, Heman Fay.

Some of the most noted names in the above list are as follows:

Elijah Brigham represented the town in the great and general court for ten years, and that is a longer time than any other one man has represented the town since its incorporation. He was moderator at nearly all the town meetings from 1775 to 1800, and more than half of that time was chairman of the board of selectmen. He also served upon many important committees.

Col. Jonathan Ward represented the town in the general court

in 1774. He was chosen a delegate to attend the provincial congress convened at Concord. He was one of the leading men of the town in his day.

Dr. James Parker represented the town in the general court, and was chosen a delegate to a convention convened at Cambridge to form the constitution of the state—1780. He was town clerk for nine years, and died while in office. He was the best writer and kept the best books of any one during the first hundred years of the town's existence.

At this time the minister and doctor were the two principal men of the town. One united couples and gave them good advice, the other finished the work.

Seth Newton, Esq., represented the town in the general court, and was a justice of the peace, and nearly all litigation between parties and men' Squire Newton was called upon to settle. It took fine timber then to make a justice of the peace, but now they have become so plenty that we find many to be built of tender saplings—almost anything seems to answer the purpose.

Time and space do not allow of extended remarks. We may truly say that all of the above mentioned persons filled the different offices with honor to themselves and credit to the town.

This closes the first half of the second fifty years since the incorporation of the town.

I will now mention some of the events which occurred in the town of Southboro during the first twenty-five years of the present century.

One very popular amusement at that time was the shooting match, which took place in the fall, between October 1st and the beginning of winter.

Such matches were enjoyed very much by old and young, who were entertained with plenty of good cheer. My business was to raise fowls for this purpose, whereby I obtained my pin money.

The chickens were placed at from twelve to twenty rods distant, the turkeys from thirty to thirty-five rods. From fifty to one hundred men and boys would gather at these shootings, full of expectation. The price for a shot at a chicken was five or six

cents, and for a turkey shot ten or twelve cents. One man kept the books.

It was very exciting and amusing. Some of the poor fellows would spend three or four dollars and perhaps get one chicken or turkey. Others would spend the same amount of ammunition and get from eight to ten dollars' worth of poultry.

Some remarkably sharp shooting took place at these matches. One of the sharp-shooters was Jack Barker, another Col. Ephraim Howe, both of Marlboro. Phineas Newton, Peter Newton, Isaac Newton, John Burnett and Dr. Joseph Bullard were the "good shots" of Southboro.

This amusement has gone now, with all its follies and cruelties. It has had its day; good-by to it.

The following is an incident regarding this form of pleasure: On December 6, 1811, Benjamin Parker made a "shooting," in which a large number of men and boys was engaged. Joseph Bullard was on the spot, and after firing several times, either the flint or the lock got out of order and he stopped to fix it—it was still loaded. He put the gun into the hand of Stillman Onthank, who was a very tall man. He held the gun in both hands, one above and the other below the lock. He held it breast high; the ground was slightly descending. When Dr. Bullard was repairing the flint the gun went off. Steven Parker was standing a little way off, exactly in range; the ball struck him above and in front of his ear and came out on the opposite side. The man, it is said, jumped two or three feet high, gasped a few times and died. Mr. Parker was thirty-five years of age.

My father was standing a few feet distant, and has related the story many times during his life-time. The whole scene was changed from hilarity to sorrow and weeping; no more shooting that day; every man retired to his own home in grief to reflect upon the sad events of the day.

In the year 1820, the week before Thanksgiving, some persons at the center had a "shooting," and when they got through some of the successful ones put up their poultry at auction. My father happened along just as a large and honorable goose was offered

for sale. Bidding commenced, and it was finally struck off to my father for one dollar. A good laugh went up from that crowd, for the goose had seen and enjoyed sixteen summers. It weighed twelve pounds dressed. We boiled it one day and baked it in the large brick oven the next, and it was as luscious and tender as a young gosling.

The great blow (so-called) which took place September 22, 1815, was the greatest gale known in this town since its incorporation. It lasted from six o'clock in the morning till two o'clock p. m. The wind began blowing from the north-east and veered round to the south. Trees fell from all points of the compass included. My father's family left the house at 10 a. m., and did not return until 3 p. m. Within six hours more wood was blown down than is standing in town today. My father had a lot of sixty-five acres, very heavy wood. Twelve hundred cords of it was blown down. It took ten years to cut it up and dispose of it. One could taste salt in the spray that blew from the ocean. Many buildings were overturned, and one-half of the apple orchards were laid flat. Truly, it looked like desolation.

In June, 1817, the Cadets marched from West Point to Boston (military glory was then in high repute), and for many towns ahead their approach was eagerly anticipated.

They received quite an ovation at Worcester, and they went from that city to Boston by way of the turnpike. They arrived in Westboro on Friday, and camped in front of Samuel Furbish's old red tavern. Leaving on Saturday, they arrived at the Woodbury tavern in Fayville about eleven o'clock a. m.; tarried there about two hours, took lunch and started for Framingham, where they camped on the common and spent the Sabbath.

If Barnum himself, with all his host of wonders, were to visit this town, the men, women and children would not turn out as they did on that eventful Saturday.

The Cadets were attended by men who performed the manual labor. They were a proud set of men, and regarded our towns-people as a set of clowns and bushwhackers. But what pleased our people most was their band of music, with its variety of instru-



ments, which we had never heard before. Their band consisted of about eighteen pieces, about one-half brass.

The following incident entertained the Cadets and lookers-on. Edward Chamberlain, born in 1780, died in 1826, was the most remarkable musical genius the town ever produced. There was not a muscular fibre in his whole body that was not strung to music. While the band was playing he kept stepping about, and gradually drew near the fife. When they were through, he asked the man if he would let him take his fife. The owner wished to know if he ever played the instrument. Mr. C. replied that he sometimes did so, and taking the fife he struck up one of the national airs. The band soon encircled him and the crowd gathered around. With his peculiar enthusiasm he played until the flush of admiration tinged every cheek, and when the last strain died away, such a shout went up from that little multitude that the echo reverberated for miles around.

The fife was presented to him, with the hearty congratulations of the Cadets.

Mr. Chamberlain could play well on the double and single bass-viols, violin and flute, but the fife was his master-piece. He never took a music lesson from any person. His gift seemed to be intuitive, reading difficult music at sight. Did he live to-day he would doubtless be a musical celebrity. He had a large family of children, all with musical talent, but they have all passed away. He was a drinking man and always poor.

The Cadets started for Framingham after lunch, and many people from Southboro followed them. They were met a mile this side of the town by the military companies and cavalcade and escorted to the common. They were a fine body of men, gentlemen in all their bearing.

It is not at all probable that one of them is living today, and how few in this town now living witnessed that scene and remember it!

I would now call the attention of my readers to two very remarkable thunder-claps which occurred in this town during my boyhood days.

The last day of February, 1819, at six o'clock in the morning, I was suddenly aroused by a terrific noise upon the roof. My bed-room was in the attic of the old house. The hailstones came with great force; they were as large as English walnuts. A cloud of inky blackness hung overhead. I sprang to the floor and was about dressing, when the room was filled with a blaze of light of such intensity as to nearly blind me. The house immediately began to shake and tremble. I seized my pantaloons and round jacket and jumped from one landing to another—they being about five steps apart—till I reached the lower floor.

A few days before my father had been talking with me about earthquakes; therefore, I rushed into my father's bed-room, wildly exclaiming, "Father, father, is this an earthquake, and are we going to be all swallowed up?" "No, no, my son, this is thunder, and the heaviest I ever heard." The house still trembled.

That was the only lightning seen or thunder heard that morning.

The lightning struck a large chestnut tree at the foot of "Jericho" Hill, on the south side, about 400 rods from my father's house in a straight line, and about 100 rods from the house of Jonas Fay, bearing a little east of north. The tree was five feet in diameter, four feet from the ground, and two and one-half feet in diameter forty feet from the ground, where it was struck. The tree leaned to the northeast, and the lightning struck in on the southwest side, just where the limbs commenced, and went to the heart, dividing it exactly in two parts. More than two cords of debris were thrown out, extending from ten to fifteen rods, not a piece so large but that two men could carry it. Some of the strips were four inches wide, ten or twelve feet long and half an inch thick, being a year's growth. The tree was perfectly sound. It stood in the pasture owned by John Johnson, and he had sold it (or was about selling it) to William Howe of Marlboro to make into barrels. The half that remained standing stood for several years, and probably more than fifty people visited it before it was cut down. It was quite a curiosity. I

visited it many times to look it over and take measurements. What is lightning? We can see the effect of it, and that is about all we know of it. Was that ball of fire hard? Was it electricity condensed, broken, when it struck the tree, into a thousand pieces, permeating every pore and being transformed into countless bomb-shells, throwing all before? How and where was the electricity manufactured? It was a cold season of the year. In July, when the weather is hot and sultry, we expect thunder-storms, and they come. If heat produces electricity cold would act in an opposite manner—would it not? Will those savants that meet at Concord next summer tell us more about it?

The second bolt of lightning about which I write struck the house of Capt. Elisha Johnson, on the second day of August, 1819, about three o'clock p. m. My brother, Temple Fay, and myself were mowing bushes about 100 rods from the house, in full view of it. Our attention was drawn to a large cloud, which was very remarkable. It had sent out its "picket guards," which were in advance of the rain some two miles. The black, angry clouds had the appearance of coming up rapidly from the ground and, when near the top of the large cloud, returning with equal velocity. While looking at this scene a bolt of lightning came from the edge and went straight down as a ball would drop, with a hissing noise like a rocket. It seemed a stream of fire from the cloud to the house as large as a cable rope. At that time there was no wind; all was calm and still until the crash and roar of terrible thunder broke the silence. The skirmisher had given the signal; the grand army was rapidly advancing.

Let us examine the house and behold the effect. The lightning struck and demolished one-half of the chimney, scattering bricks from six to eight rods. The soot from the chimney, black as ink, shot up more than two hundred feet. My brother dropped his scythe and ran to the house, entering the east door just as Josiah Johnson entered the west. They both went into the kitchen, which was filled with soot, lime, dust and smoke. The mantelpiece was torn into fragments, and great portions of plastering were stripped from the walls and ceiling.

In a cradle in the room lay a child, partly covered with debris, kicking and laughing as if nothing had happened save a general hullabaloo to please it. In the pantry Mrs. Johnson lay prostrate on the floor. The lightning followed the ridge-pole to the end of the house, went down the studding to the lower floor, then followed the floor directly under the feet of Mrs. Johnson, thus giving her a severe shock. Mr. Johnson and my brother immediately took measures to restore her, and it was some time before they could bring her to a conscious state. There was not a room in the house that did not show the effect of the lightning. Although three or four children were in and around the house, none of them was hurt. More than one hundred people visited the house before evening. Rev. Jereboam Parker was there and offered a very solemn prayer, and yet a prayer of thanksgiving for their remarkable deliverance from death.

On the Fourth of July, 1825, gathered in a pasture some twenty rods south of the old house of Francis Fay, about four o'clock P. M., were some twenty men with a small cannon (probably belonging to the boys' artillery), to fire a salute in honor of the day.

Peter Newton, Edward Chamberlain, Mr. Sanger, Silas Amsden, Cutlin Bullard and Peter Fay were playing on instruments of music.

Elijah Este and Gilbert D. Champney were loading and firing the cannon, and Lincoln Newton was holding the vent with his thumb.

After firing some twelve times with great rapidity, the cannon went off while loading. Mr. Newton, who held the vent, had all the flesh torn from his thumb and between his thumb and fore-finger. His sufferings were severe and he was in great danger of the lock-jaw. Gilbert D. Champney, with Mr. Este, was ramming down the cartridge. Mr. Champney said he saw the flash at the vent and instantly took his hands from the rod.

He was not hurt, only slightly stunned. It is a mystery how he escaped. Elijah Este was blown some rods from the cannon. I immediately threw down my bugle horn and sprang for Mr.

Este. I found his shirt on fire, which I tore from him. I raised him partly from the ground; his head was not hurt, his mind was clear. As he held up his right arm his hand was all gone with the forearm nearly to the elbow. The cords, with bits of flesh, were hanging like so many strings, dripping with blood. The left hand was also blown off, but more of the arm remained. When he held them up and looked at them the first words he spoke were: "Oh! dear, what will become of my poor wife and children?" He was immediately carried to his house; he lived in a part of the old house that stood near the present residence of Emory Taylor.

A messenger was sent to Framingham for Dr. Kitteridge and another man, who was a surgeon in the army. The right arm was amputated near the shoulder, and the left a little below the elbow.

He lived through it, and when he got well he moved his family to Boston, got straps fitted to his shoulders and stood in Quincy Hall market, where he did errands for people, getting their sympathy and supporting his family. He has long ago passed away.

In closing this brief record of the first century following the incorporation of the town, I would mention the names of some of the leading men.

Trowbridge Taylor, town clerk from 1792 to 1814, died while in office. He kept the books well for many years, was a good penman. He was one of the selectmen, an assessor, and represented the town in the general court. He was a leading business man.

Timothy Bellows represented the town, was selectman fifteen years, assessor, and filled minor offices.

Jeremiah Newton, one of the assessors of the town for thirty years, filled that office longer than any other man since the incorporation. He must have been an honest, independent man to hold that position so long, and it is very remarkable that any man should have the confidence of his fellow citizens in that capacity for so long a time. If there was a pauper case between

this and another town he was always called upon to carry it through.

Jonas Ball represented the town, and was moderator for most all the town meetings for twenty-five years, filling that position with dignity and urbanity. I shall never forget when we boys, from ten to twenty years of age, sat in the circular gallery of the old church and looked down upon the sages below. The boys would sometimes get to elbowing one another and chuckling; then those dark, round, piercing eyes of the moderator would dart at us, and in a moment silence reigned in the gallery. But it was like the man who threw grass at the boy who was stealing apples from his tree. After two or three such looks the voice would come from the mouth beneath those eyes, "Boys, boys, less noise in the gallery, or I will send a constable to take you away." That had the desired effect. For many years he was one of the board of selectmen, and difficult points of law in and out of town he, for many years, was one of the committee to settle. For many years he was also constable and assessor.

Silas Brigham was one of the selectmen for eighteen years and was occasionally chosen on business committees.

Josiah Newton was representative.

Willard Newton was representative and for many years selectman. He was frequently chosen on important business committees. A man of marked quietness and moderation, he always thought before acting.

Dr. Josiah Bullard, town clerk from 1814 to 1832, was occasionally moderator at town meetings and one of the board of selectmen.

Perley Whipple was representative three times and filled other town offices.

Col. Dexter Fay represented the town four times, was one of the selectmen, assessor several times, and served on a number of important committees for the town. He was a level-headed, cool, dispassionate man, and was frequently consulted for advice.

Sylvester Brigham, Manasseh Fay, Swain Parker, Gabriel

Parker (who was selectman and town treasurer a number of years), were other leading men.

Thus closes a century of this town's history. What changes occur! and how one generation passes away as another takes its place! Always moving on and on—to what end?

At a meeting holden at Fitch Winchester Inn on Tuesday evening, Jan. 1, 1828, for the purpose of forming a debating society in Southboro, chose Col. Francis B. Fay as chairman; Major Larkin Newton, secretary.

Voted—That it is expedient to form a society; to choose a committee to make draught of a constitution and by-laws for a society; to choose a committee of six persons. Chose Col. Francis B. Fay, Dr. Joel Burnett, Mr. Sullivan Fay, Major Larkin Newton, Mr. Barzillion Frost and Mr. Barnabus Rice for the committee.

Voted—To adjourn this meeting to Wednesday the ninth inst.; to meet at Fitch Winchester Inn at six o'clock p. m.

F. B. FAY.

January 9, 1828—The gentlemen meet agreeable to adjournment and proceed to business as follows:

Voted that the Chairman read the constitution and by-laws, to accept the preamble which is as follows:

“PREAMBLE.

“The diffusion of moral intelligence and scientific research, upon the exalted principles of philanthropy, is, or ought to be, the anxious desire of every heart devoted to wisdom, love and virtue. To instruct and enlighten the illiterate, for the promotion of useful knowledge, to stimulate the virtuous and reclaim the vicious; in fine, to soften the passions and ameliorate, in every manner, the condition of the present or future generations, cannot fail to be a pleasing task to him who is ‘the noblest work of God.’ Sensible as we are of the importance of intellectual improvement and the facility with which it may be obtained when aided by resolution, perseverance and a desire to promote the highest order of social life; and that mind exerted against mind, is calculated to arouse and bring into action the dormant powers and torpid sensibilities of his soul.”

The society was called the Southboro Franklin Institute, with a constitution of thirteen long articles and twenty-five by-laws,

which I will omit on account of their length. I will give the names of those who composed this wonderful spouting society of Southboro: Col. Francis B. Fay, Larkin Newton, Dr. Joel Burnett, Sullivan Fay, Barzillion Frost, Barnabus Rice, Elijah B. Witherbee, Capt. Artemus Ward, Appleton Fay, Capt. Temple Fay, Lucius Parker, Blake Parker, Wilkes Newton, Elijah Fay, Col. Artemus Fay, Peter Fay, Jr., Alexander Marsh, Jr., Capt. Elisha Johnson, Jr., Peter P. Howe, John S. Elliot, Capt. Edwin T. Fay. The above compose all the names of that once famous Platonic debating society of Southboro, and they have all passed from the busy scenes of this world to the next, but the writer and Alexander Marsh, who resides in Worcester.

O Time! how swift thy wings; all those now I have on my mind, and if I was a painter I could put their faces on to canvas. I live them over in the sweet memory of the past.

I will now give a short detail of our procedure. At the meeting previous four persons were appointed by the committee to open the discussion, two in the affirmative and two in the negative, and after they had spoken upon the question any of those present (who got the floor first) had the right to speak upon the topic, and at the close the merits of the subjects were decided by ballot.

I will now give a few of the subjects we had for discussion:

Would an equal distribution of property have a tendency to increase the happiness of mankind?

It was an awful hard nut to crack, and when we got through those who had money wanted to keep it and those that had not got any wanted to get it.

Is a savage or civilized life most happy?

Do mankind ever perform an act of disinterested benevolence?

At our third meeting, held at Fitch Winchester Inn on Feb. 6th, 1828, this remarkable vote was passed and put upon record:

Voted that ardent spirits be banished in the future from the debating room of our meeting.

This was the great temperance cause in an embryo state. The next question which followed that vote was:



Would an increase of duties on domestic and foreign spirits have a tendency to avert the evils of intemperance?

Are mankind, by nature, more prone to the practice of vice than virtue? (I should say they were when giving in their invoice to the assessors.)

Would a railroad from Boston to Albany, passing through this town, be advantageous to this vicinity?

Is character or property dearest to mankind in general?

Are the common and polite amusements inconsistent with a proper observance of religious duty?

Is mankind free agents?

Is the intelligence of men superior to that of women?

The ladies were invited to be present, and when we got through debating the subject (which was always at ten o'clock) we gave the same to the ladies to be voted upon by ballot, and do you think the dear creatures, every one of them to a man, voted that they were equal. Then we passed a vote of thanks to them for their attendance and for their decision of the question.

(Is this the first instance on record here that women used the ballot?)

Which is the greater evil in society, slander or theft?

Is popularity or merit most likely to success?

Are national debts beneficial?

Ought the dissection of human subjects to be sanctioned by law?

Is the profession of law or medicine most beneficial to the public?

Would the abolishing of all laws for the collection of debts be salutary?

Whether, without revelation, there be sufficient evidence of the immortality of the soul?

Is an untruth ever justifiable?

That was a hard question to decide. It brought all the reserved power into the field, and the following persons took part in the discussion: Col. Artemus Fay, Appleton Fay, Peter P. Howe, Barnabus Rice, Capt. Elisha Johnson, Peter Fay, Jr., Dr. Joel Burnett, Lucius Parker, Col. F. B. Fay, E. B. Wither-

bee, A. Marsh, Jr., Larkin Newton, and after talking two evenings of four hours each the question was decided as follows: That an untruth, in extreme cases, is sometimes justifiable (not when a man gives in his invoice to the assessors). The writer of this scribbling took strong grounds in the affirmative from history and the Old Testament in that case of Rahab, the harlot.

This record by Major Larkin Newton, who was secretary of the Franklin Institution during all its lifetime, has been lost forty years, but has lately been unearthed. I think the records would make a book of some two hundred pages, and if it had been all recorded that had been told in these meetings during the life of the Institute, it would probably have made two hundred volumes of four hundred pages each. Time will give value to those records, and I hope they will be preserved.

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### THE SEMI-TRI-CENTENNIAL OF THE TOWN

Was appropriately celebrated on the evening of July 17, 1877, by a public meeting, numerously attended and held at the town house. All the arrangements were in the hands of a committee appointed by the selectmen, consisting of Peter Fay, Curtis Newton, Joseph Burnett, Dexter Newton and S. C. Fay. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags, arches of evergreens and flowers. The soldiers' monument was also trimmed. The word "Welcome" and the dates 1727 and 1877 were displayed in white flowers, in the hall.

The officers for the evening were Dexter Newton, president; S. C. Fay, secretary; Rev. H. M. Holmes, chaplain, and Edward Burnett, marshal.

After prayer by the chaplain, and music by the Germania band, 5 pieces, of Boston, the chairman gave the opening address.

*Ladies and Gentlemen :*

We are here assembled to notice the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Southboro, by public commemoration.

Not for the vain desire of self-laudation do we come here. We are here for nobler purposes.

We believe it profitable and wise, once in 50 years at least, to cease from toil and labor, to contemplate the deeds of our fathers to whom we are indebted for so many blessings, and to do honor to the names of the good and patriotic people who have gone before us. We are here to rejoice and be glad. We are here to instruct the youth of what has been and is being done for them, to inspire them to imitate the good deeds of our fathers and mothers, and that they should preserve unsullied the fair name of our town, our state and our country. But especially do we desire on this occasion to rejoice in the prosperity of our town and in her noble history. Today she is 150 years old.

When we look over her broad and productive fields, her extensive orchards, her miles of road and fences, her neat and comely houses, her spacious factories, her elegant public buildings, and contemplate the vast amount of work required for same, then we do not wonder that she is so old. But I must be brief and leave for others most of the task of detailing her history. I will, however, say that the town was set off from Marlboro in 1727.

The fact that our separation was attended with none but kindest feelings on the part of the mother-town; that she has always brooded over us with a motherly affection, protected us from the bleak north winds, and with her smiles, wise counsels and example encouraged us on in every good work and deed, adds greatly to our present enjoyment. Southboro has one sister called Miss Westboro, born in 1717. Also another sister called Miss Hudson, born in 1865. Westboro has one child called Miss Northboro, born 1766. All these towns are permitted to call the commonwealth their father; this makes honorable their genealogical names forever. Our youngest sister came into existence under some difficulties. But she at once assumed a commanding position among the towns of the state, and her progeny is legion.

Thus you see the "Happy Family" consists of Marlboro, the honored mother, Westboro, Southboro and Hudson, the affectionate sisters, and Northboro, our loving niece.

By direction of the committee of arrangements and in behalf of the honorable selectmen and other inhabitants of Southboro, I ex-

tend to the representatives of Marlboro, Westboro, Northboro and Hudson, and to the friends from other places, a cordial and hearty welcome.

Let Marlboro now boast of boots and shoes,  
Of finest grades of leather ;  
Let Westboro gents tell wondrous news  
Of bonnets, hats and feather ;  
Northboro and Hudson thrive and grow  
On corsets, shell, adventure,  
But Southboro's joys forever flow  
From arts and agriculture.

"The Day We Celebrate" called out Rev. Marshall B. Angier, of Ipswich, a native of Southboro, who gave an interesting sketch of the celebration held in 1827, Southboro's centennial year, with a glimpse of the prominent characteristics of the principal persons on that occasion. The history of Southboro covers almost one-twelfth of the time since Christ's day, and three-fifths of the time since the Pilgrims landed. The fathers, where are they? I have visited their graves here to-day. We are proud of the history of Southboro, because of those who have gone before us. He spoke of the dignified ways of half a century ago, when the town's committee called upon Priest Parker and invited him to deliver the address, and his courteous response ; of the habits of the school children then, who always rose when the minister visited the school, or who stopped their out-door sports when he passed by. Are we not lacking now in that old-time dignity? How shall it be restored? And yet we are not ashamed of the children. The glory of those fathers is in their children.

The present relations of the towns of Marlboro and Southboro might be expressed in the words of Horace: "The beautiful mothers, and the daughters more beautiful." We have inherited law, liberty, education and religion. The school-house and church are the two eyes of this Christian land. In the words of Winthrop, prosperity is ours if we keep the Sabbath and observe God's worship and his words.

After music by the band, Dea. Peter Fay was introduced as a gentleman who took an active part as a musician in the centen-

nial celebration in 1827. He gave a description of the town as it was fifty years ago, with numerous statistics to show the remarkable progress which it had made. The progress had been far greater in surroundings and means of subsistence of the people than in the number of inhabitants, and was greatly disproportionate therewith. The population in 1827 was 1,100, and in 1877 it is 2,000, not quite double, while the town valuation during the same time has advanced from \$300,000 to \$1,295,300, or more than quadrupled. While the appropriation of the town in 1827 for all purposes, schools, highways, preaching, etc., was only \$1,116, in 1877 it is \$12,500, exclusive of the state and county taxes, which would swell the entire expenditures for the present year to \$15,148, an increase to more than twelve times the amount of half a century ago. The total appropriation for schools and school purposes in 1827 was \$432, while in 1877 it is \$5,316. The public school attendance in 1827 (during the eleven weeks then allowed) was 270, while now it is 356 the whole year. The amount of money expended per head in 1827 was \$1.30, in 1877 it is \$15, or twelve times as much. For public services on the Sabbath the amount expended in 1827 was \$366.57, or about \$1 per day for the gospel, while in 1877 it is about \$4,000, or nearly \$12 per day.

Mr. Fay then proceeded to give a picture of the homes of the people of Southboro in 1827, for he knew every house in the town at that time, and every man in the town. In 1827, the library consisted merely of a Bible, Watts' Hymns, and a few school books, while now the multitude of books in both public and private libraries is astonishing, as compared with the olden time. The town library comprises over 4,000 volumes, besides which there are numerous large private libraries. The number of deaths from July 17, 1827, to July 17, 1852, was 559, or an average of 22 and 9-25 per year. During the succeeding twenty-five years, to the present time, the number was 759, or an average of 30 and 9-25 per year; the average for the fifty years was 26 and 9-25 per year. The largest number of deaths any one year was in 1865, when there were 46. The number of births from

July 17, 1852, to July 17, 1877, was 1,139, or an average of 45 and 14-25 per year. The largest number born in any one year was 65, in 1862.

The first piano was brought into town by Samuel B. Emmons, 57 years ago. Now musical instruments are in nearly every house. In 1827, no carpets were made by machinery in this country. Mrs. March wove listing into carpets, and rag carpets were somewhat common. Now all our houses are carpeted. Farmers had but little money in those days, and were compelled to do their own work. The families were large. Looking over our first town records, commencing about 1732, one page records the births in the family of Jona. Newton, thirteen in all. Another page gives the births of twelve children of John Fay. Do we keep the old stock good in these days, when American families average only 2 and 1-2 children?

The speaker vividly recalled the celebration of 50 years ago, held on a cloudless day, when all the town turned out, and when the green was covered with booths. A prominent actor on that occasion was Col. Francis B. Fay, a man who really "laughed out of his eyes," a man who I think formed the first debating club in Massachusetts. The chief social enjoyment of those days was liquor drinking, which custom reached its greatest height from 1830 to 1835.

Southboro, the home of my fathers, my native home, God bless her! I love her as the Swiss love their native mountains.

## SOUTHBORO IN THE REVOLUTION.

Southboro evinced a noble patriotism in the Revolutionary war, sending a large number of minute-men to the opening conflict.

The military warrant, dated Nov. 7, 1774, will ever be read with interest by the citizens of the town :

To Ezekiel Collings One of the Corporals of the Military foot Company in the Town of Southborough in the County of Worcester under the Command of Josiah Fay Captain and in the Rigimant whereof Artemas Ward Esq. of Shrewsbury is Colonel—

GREETING.

You are hereby Directted forthwith to Warn all the afternamed Non Commission Officers and Soldiers of Said Company, viz.—

Sart. Jonathan Champny	Josiah Ward
Dito Elijah Brigham	Ebenezer Collins
Dito Hezekiah Fay	Jona Clifford
Corl. Jams Williams	Zacheus Witherbee
Dito Ezekiel Collins	Daniel Johnson
Dito Ebenezer Richards	Kirby Moore
Drumg Isaac Newton Jun	Edmand Moore
Joshua Smith	Mark Collings Jun
Benj Smith	William Winchester
Nathan Tapplin	Jabez Newton
Elisha Tapplin	William Williams
Eneas Ward	Abnor Parker
Elisha Fay	John Johnson
John Fay Jun	Isaac Ball
Elisha Johnson	Nathan Fay
Ephraim Amsdem	Jedediah Parker
Moses Newton	John Leonard
Erasmus Ward	Isaac Newton
David Newton Jun	Solomon Leonard
Luke Newton	Timothy Angier
Tirus Newton	Jonah Johnson
Gideon Newton	Jonas Woods
Mark Collins	Edmond Chamberlain
John Richards	Nathan Champny
Josiah Fay Jun	Job Biglo
Andrew Phillips	Thomas Stone
John Phillips	Peter Ston
Eben Newton	Asahel Newton

To appear in the Common training field By the Meeting House in said Southbro with their fire arms Compleate on the ninth Day of this Instant November att Eight of the Clock in the founnoon of said Day then and thair Remain attend to

and Obay further orders Hereof fail Not and make return of this Warrant with your doings thereon Unto me att or Before Said time. Given under my hand att said Southbo the Seventh Day of November anno-dom 1774.

JOSIAH FAY, Capt.

The endorsement at the back of the warrant was as follows :

In obedience to the above warrant I have warned all the within named persons to appear att time and place appointed in said warrant.

EZEKIEL COLLINS, Corpl.

November 8, 1774.

The following letter is one of many in Dea. Fay's possession, written by his grandfather to his wife, and is eminently characteristic of the man who laid down his life for his country. He died in New York holding the office of major, Aug. 8, 1776.

NEW YORCK, April ye 29th, 1776.

MY DEAR: After Remembering my Kind love to you and Gratest Regard for aney on Earth I must inform you that I am in Good helth and hope thes Liens will find you and Deair Children So—I Rote you a Letter Last week and Sent it By Thomas Swan and if You reced that Letter you see the account of my voyge to New Yorck ; their is 10 Rigements ordered to Canidey Col. wards is not ordered as yet But ordered to incamp one miel from the town the Papel are Kind and our provission is Good and I fair well pray take Cair of the Bisnes Eight months and I hope to see you. Elick Boyd talks of Coming to Yorck pray Be So Kind as to see him and if he is Coming pray send my Shurts put fols to them if you have any Chance to send them if it is three or four months hence send them for Cloth is so scarce it is not to Be had without Such a price that Do not incline to by it pray Send me a Letter for I Long to hear of your welfair and our Children. tell the Children I Charge them to behave them Selvels well to everibodey and obay you as their pairrant. Remember me to all inquiring friends So Subscribe myself your Loving husband

JOSIAH FAY

P S Keep that Cloth that I Caried to brown for me till i Come home Remember me to brother anger and tell him Charls is well all from Southbor is well



## SICKNESS NOW AND THEN.

In the summer and fall of 1849 my home was turned into a hospital for five long months. June 20, after suffering for a week with pains in my head, back and limbs, I took to my chamber and called in Dr. A. L. Hobart; he examined me and said, "You have the typhoid fever severely; why did you not call me before?" I said, "Because some days I would be more comfortable than others, and hoped to come out of it without calling in a physician, it being a busy season of the year."

Now for the results: I rapidly grew very sick; my wife was with me almost all the time, and in ten days she was taken down with the same fever, and one child followed after the other, with the disease, till all my children (four in number), with Mary Bemis, who worked for me, were prostrated with the fever. I had a large house, and there was but one sick person in a room. Josiah was the steward of the hospital, he being then twenty years of age. The doctor thought he would escape, it being eight weeks after I was taken sick before he succumbed to the fever. The first morning I rode out he took me into the carriage and walked the horse about a half mile. He was rather loth upon carrying us all out when they got able, but the next morning was himself taken with the fever. My youngest child, Honoria, had a relapse, and did not recover till the last of October. She was brought to a mere skeleton, and I myself was reduced from 175 to 125 pounds. But, thanks be to God, we all lived through it, "for in him, and by him, and through him do all things exist. The sparrow doth not fall without his notice." As my principal physician, no man could be more faithful than was Dr. Hobart in his attendance upon the family. When he wanted counsel he called in Dr. Hayward of Worcester, who stood high in his profession.

Now for the sanitary conditions of my house: It was well ventilated, with windows which were kept open night and day (except when it rained), and water was used freely every day by washing, rubbing, etc., and every disinfectant was used for

purifying and cleansing the house. For four months lights were burning in the house through the night. It was in truth a hospital. I had four nurses, men and women, when all were sick, for I did not want to tax my neighbors too severely, it being a busy season.

I will relate one incident. Abner Parker watched with me one night. He was a most inveterate smoker. Once I called out, "Parker, please come here; is there anyone smoking in my house?" "I was smoking out of the window; did you smell it?" "Certainly." "I am very sorry." Deacon Gabriel Parker rode days for me to procure help; people became frightened; some hardly dared to go by my house, and others did not come to it for a long time. Two of my hired men, who were from Maine, left me the first of August for fear they would take the fever. One of them went to Westboro to work in the shop, was taken sick the very next day with the fever, which had a good run of five weeks, and then was on his feet again. The other went back to Maine and was also taken down with the fever the second day after he arrived home; was confined to the house for six weeks, and then got about again.

Now, was it contagious? The doctors told me it was not so considered. Then why did all my family have it and those two young men that left me? They said it was sympathy in the family, one for the other. There is a mystery about it, for none of the watchers or nurses, who were with me for a long time, took it, nor did the washer-woman who washed there six days in the week, for our sheets were changed every day.

Now for the cause: Was it the cellar? No, the doctor looked it all over. It was kept ventilated winter and summer by windows. Nothing was left in it to decay. I have no doubt that many diseases to which the body is liable arise from foul cellars.

Now for the principal cause, which neither the doctor nor myself had thought of. There ran from the kitchen a plank box about eight inches square, extending sixty feet from the house, connecting with the sink by one about three inches square. At the end of the main box was the cess-pool, about eight feet

square and three feet deep, covered over with some loose planks. Some days, when there was a large quantity of water used, and the wind was favorable, the smell from the drain and cess-pool was very unpleasant. Here was the typhoid in its embryo state and made foul by its confinement. When I was a young man, we had no sink drains. There was at the back door a plank floor about eight by twelve feet and all the water from the house was thrown from those planks, and spread over a large surface. The rains, the winds and the sunshine were the disinfectants. We never had any trouble from it, and my grandmother, who lived opposite my father's house, used the waste water the same way, and never had any trouble from it ( she living to be ninety-six years of age ). The whole difficulty lies just here, the confined air of the drains getting into the house.

In 1852 I was taken sick with what was called the black measles. After suffering a week from nausea and difficulty in breathing, I called in Doctor Hobart; he examined me, and asked if I ever had the measles; I told him I supposed I had them when I was young for my two oldest boys had had them, and I had watched with a person very sick with them. He left me some medicine and said he would call tomorrow morning. He came and found my chest and face all broken out with small red pimples, which he called *roscola*; my breathing still continued bad. He left me more medicine and said he would call the next morning. I grew very sick through the day, and before morning broke out most all over with pimple spots from the size of a half pea to a three cent piece. The doctor came according to appointment, and at once pronounced it the black measles. For two days light was excluded from my eyes, my face badly swollen, and such deadly sickness I never experienced before. I was confined to my chamber for weeks, but it left my system clear. That spring many persons in Hartford died of the same disease. I suppose I took them in New York, when I went to see my son Burgess aboard the steamer for California.

My last rheumatic fever was in the winter of fifty-nine; Doctor J. H. Robinson attended me. It had a good run of six weeks

before I was on my feet again. Did not suffer so much as I did with my first attack.

Several years ago I had a run of six months with sciatic rheumatism, but was not confined to my house much of the time.

Thanks be to the Giver of all good, I have come out of all these illnesses with a pretty sound body for an old man.

Now I will state something in regard to lead poison that I did not know when I left my old place. The water which supplied the houses and barns was conveyed in a three-quarter-inch lead pipe for a little more than a mile. It ran the full size of the pipe all the time. The water was very soft, and so the more dangerous. The doctors then thought it not dangerous because it ran in full force all the time, but since I left the farm scientific investigations have convinced me there is great danger in water running through lead pipes. The poison works slowly but surely upon the system, and there lies the great danger. Before I left the farm I would have two or three attacks of colic every year. Some of them were so severe I had to call a physician. Since I left the farm, twenty-seven years ago this spring, I have not had an attack of colic, so I think it was caused by lead poison.

My first wife died December 21, with paralysis; her first attack was in the September previous, and I now think lead poison was one of the causes, if not the main one, though not thought of at that time.

Now, if what I have written shall be of any benefit to the living in a sanitary point of view, I will be glad.

“What will it matter by and by?

Nothing but this: That joy or pain

Lifted me skyward—helped to gain,

Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,

Heaven, home, all in all, by and by!”

## THE SOUTHBORO LEGEND.

In the year 1783, at the close of the Revolutionary war, there was a man who started from "Williams Tavern," in Marlboro, in the evening of a certain day, to go to Grafton, and was never seen or heard of afterwards. There was great excitement in Marlboro and Southboro at that time. A thorough search was made in the highways, woods and swamps adjacent, but the body could not be found, and if he was murdered the man was never found out who did the deed. This information I received from my father, who was then a young man of twenty-four years of age. The remainder of this narrative I am personally knowing to.

The great blow of 1814 (which prostrated about one-third of the wood standing in Southboro) blew over a tree in the woods then owned by Daniel Walker of Southboro, the said woodland lying on the west side of the road leading by the house of Jonas Fay to Marlboro, not far distant from the line which divides Marlboro from Southboro, and very near where the labor strikers, not many years ago, fired upon the Westboro stage going from Westboro to Marlboro. The tree was a white oak two feet or more in diameter, and it turned up a large quantity of earth. Mr. Walker and his boys, three years after the blow, were peeling bark from trees in the month of June, and passing by the roots of this tree one of the boys saw a bone sticking up in the dirt. He stooped down and pulled it up. His father immediately exclaimed, "That is a human bone!" It was the shin bone of a man. Search was made and in a few days all the bones of a man were found except the small bones. This revived the old excitement of the murdered man thirty-three years before. It would be safe to say more than five hundred people visited the bones. The writer of this narrative was there on three days after they were found, and helped dig up the last of them. The skull was about three feet below the surface and the feet about two, and they were directly under the roots of this white oak tree that had probably been growing more than one hundred years. The physicians then could not tell whether it was the skull of an Indian or a white

man. I think the only definite conclusion we can come to was that the person, whether white or red, had been buried more than one hundred years. Two or three widows, whose husbands had disappeared a number of years before, came to look at these bones. One of them was sure she should know her husband because he had a broken limb, but the limbs of this man were all right.

In less than six months these human bones were all carried away by various relic hunters. Edmund Moore, who went by the nick-name of "Old Sock," a noted character in his way, carried away the lower jaw, and after keeping it a week returned it to the woods, declaring that he was haunted night and day by the owner of the jaw, so that he could not sleep. "When I get to hades," he said, "the owner will be running round shouting, 'Old Sock has got my jaw.'"

One more excitement, then I will let the curtain drop.

In the month of September following (after the finding of the bones) a young man by the name of Appleton Fay said he saw a light which moved about over the bones which had been found. This statement produced great excitement. Many men and boys went to see the light. I went with other boys (for I dared not go alone). Some saw the light, and others did not. I saw the light from my standpoint, which was south with face to the north. Looking at it steadily it would appear to move up and down a number of feet, but still there was a great mystery about it, for it could not be seen in a cloudy night. The excitement increased in intensity till it came to fever heat, and one night about forty men and boys went with a determination to find out whether it was a ghost, ignis-fatuus, or anything else. We took different stand-points, to look at the light, and they all came to one conclusion, that it was a star, low in the horizon, which was seen through the tops of trees, and when the wind blew it had the appearance of moving up and down. We gave three cheers for the ghost, and bid him good-night, and came home. How few people there are living in Marlboro or Southboro today that remember this event!

## TO YOUNG MEN.

"I write unto you, young men, because you are strong."

You are just starting in life. Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence. Time is gold, throw not one minute away, but place each one to account. You are about choosing your profession in life. Never enter into any business which you cannot pursue heartily.

A man to succeed must love his calling, and I hope you will excuse my egotism if I give you a short sketch of my early days.

I married young and soon required a trundle-bed, which the young people now know nothing about. Allow me to describe one. The sides and ends joist, the post the same, with four little wooden rollers at the bottom to trundle it under the big bed in the day time, all made by a carpenter.

I remember the time when the big boy had to be crowded out of the trundle-bed, to give place for another, but the writer of this article never went through that process, being the youngest of twelve children. I hope we may find one of those old-fashioned ones for our museum.

My work in life has been agriculture and horticulture, and I have loved it from my early days to the present time. When I was twenty years of age I pitched all the hay that grew on my father's farm, filling two long barns, all of it off but three loads. At 21 I let myself to my father for \$125 for one year, a house to live in, fire-wood, one-half of a good pig, and a quarter of beef to salt down.

I worked for him four years. The last two years he gave me \$130 a year, and at the end of the fourth he passed away, and at that time I held his notes to the amount of \$175, having myself a wife and children.

At his death he was probably the richest man in the eastern part of Worcester county.

For two things I hold my father in grateful remembrance. He brought me up to habits of industry and economy, without which there can be no success in this life.

The drinking customs of society I left off fifty years ago, and have never seen the day that I regretted it. I wish to put a question to the young men of Southboro, who are just starting in life. Suppose you commence at twenty-one years of age and save twenty-five cents per day more than your expenses, and put that at interest yearly, simple and compound, what will you be worth at seventy-five years of age?

I am not talking to men who are born with a gold spoon in the mouth. I like to see such enjoy their money, and do good with it. They are public benefactors.

Young men, be independent ; spend the money that you have earned with your own hands, then you will know what a dollar is worth. If you wish to ascend, begin at the bottom of the ladder ; to descend, begin at the top.

With some rules of right living, I will close. It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them good.



## THE FAYS OF VERMONT AND MASSACHUSETTS.

I left my home Tuesday morning, Aug. 14, 1877, and arrived at Bennington about 4 o'clock p. m. I went to the chairman of the committee of arrangements to see if he could find me a home during my sojourn there. He said he was sorry that I had not written him before, as he would then have procured me a real good place. But he said there was an ancient family of Fays in the old village, and if they were not full he thought they would keep me. He got one of his assistants to take a carriage and carry me to the house, and to introduce me to Widow Benjamin Fay.

She received me with much cordiality, and I soon found myself in a pleasant home. She invited me to tea and to stop over night with them (her son-in-law was living with them), and told me if her friends from New York did not come I could stop with her during the week. They did not come, and I had a good home during all my stay there.

Now I will give you a short history of her family. Her husband was the great-great-grandson of Capt. Stephen Fay, who was born in Westboro (then Marlboro) May 5, 1715. He was the fourth son of Capt. John Fay, who was born in Marlboro, Nov. 30, 1669. Capt. Stephen Fay had four children born in Westboro, and in the year 1742-3 he moved with his family to Hardwick, where he remained a few years. Then with his family he moved to Bennington, Vt., and was one of the first settlers of the town. He built the famous Catamount Tavern, the first public-house west of the Green Mountains. It was burned about eighteen years ago—a great loss, certainly, to those who appreciate the memorials of the past. In this house were held in 1777 all the meetings of the council of safety, and in it the British officers were confined as prisoners of war Aug. 16, 1777. There is now standing just in front of the house-spot a granite block, about seven feet high and four feet square, with very appropriate inscriptions thereon.

Capt. Stephen Fay had five sons in the battle of Bennington.

John Fay, his oldest son, was killed instantly by a ball through the head, while the other four escaped without injury. A messenger was sent to bear the solemn tidings to Capt. Fay as gently as possible. He told him he had something bad to tell him concerning one of his sons. The Captain instantly asked him: "Did he disobey orders? Or desert his post?" "No." "Did he falter in the charge?" "No, worse than that. He is dead," was the answer. "Then it is not worse," exclaimed the father. "Bring him in, that I may once more gaze on the face of my darling boy." And when they brought him in, covered with dust and blood, he called for water and a sponge, and with his own hands bathed the disfigured features; declaring at the same time that he had never experienced a more glorious or happy day in his life.

Dr. Jonas Fay, the second son of Capt. Stephen Fay, was born June 28, 1736, at Westboro, and stood second only to Ira Allen in the state of Vermont in his day. When nineteen years of age, in 1755, he was clerk of Capt. Sam. Robinson's company in the old French war, and was but twenty-nine years old when he came to Bennington. He was clerk to the convention of settlers that met in 1774. He was surgeon to Allen at the capture of Ticonderoga, and also surgeon for a time in Col. Warner's regiment.

From this time he appears as an officer or leading member of nearly every popular convention that met in Vermont. He was clerk to the Dorset convention of 1776, and also to that of the following July. He was a member of the Westminster convention of January, 1777, that declared Vermont an independent state, and author of their declaration and petition to congress. He was secretary to the convention of July, 1777, that formed the constitution of the state, and was vice-president of the council of safety during the Bennington campaign, and also was in the battle. Dr. Fay was a member of the state council for seven years from 1778. Was judge of the supreme court in 1782, and judge of probate from 1782 to 1787. He was agent of the state before the Continental congress, in the years 1777, 1779, 1781, 1782,

and during his whole life he seems to have been eagerly sought after by his fellow-citizens as a man of extraordinary talents for the public service. He died at Bennington, May 6, 1818. The following is the inscription on his monument :

“ The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.”

Colonel Joseph Fay, who was born at Hardwick (date not at hand), was likewise a man of note. He was also in the battle of Bennington. Our foreign minister to Prussia, who so ably represented this country for many years, was Richard S. Fay, the great-grandson of Joseph Fay.

When I was at Bennington with that Fay family, they could go back no further than Hardwick in their genealogy. I was very sure I could trace them back to Westboro. John Fay, who was the son of John Fay and the brother of Stephen Fay, was my great-grandfather. So you see I got right among my relatives.

I could not find one person who came to Bennington to celebrate that battle whose father was in the fight, save myself. My father was young, not quite eighteen years of age, and I am the youngest of twelve children. Now I will give a brief history of the battle of Bennington, as my father many times told it to me.

As he was going into the fight there was a weakness in his knees and a faintness at his stomach, as the solid shot and grape whistled through the dry trees. The British fired so high that not many of our men were wounded. We were commanded not to fire till they had got within short range. We were ordered to march in double quick time, and the work of death soon commenced ; and as a man was shot near by him, he said it made him mad, and all fear of death then passed away. We were victorious after a hard fight ; but the hardest fight came afterwards, when re-inforcements of a thousand fresh troops to the enemy came up. The Americans rallied all their forces, and being fresh with victory went into the fight with a will. The battle lasted until dark. My father said the first victory was the means of gaining the second.

Our troops were about to give up, when Col. Stark rode among them, encouraging them by saying: "Hold out, boys, fresh troops are coming, the victory will be ours." My father told me his gun-barrel was so hot with firing that he could not hold it by the barrel, but held it by the stock. I have the gun now in my possession.

I met two men quite early one morning in the old burying ground in Bennington, reading the inscription on the monument of the Fay family. Then, by inquiring, I found they were the descendants of John Fay, who was killed in the battle. One of them was from Montpelier, Vt., the other from Chicago.

While on my way to Bennington, a young man came into the car at Greenfield and took a seat beside me. I found he was going to celebrate the battle of Bennington. He was very enthusiastic, and told me that his great-great-grandfather was in that battle, and he said he had been anticipating the day with much pleasure. He was from Manchester, N. H., and when I told him that my father was in that battle he looked at me with perfect astonishment, and I do not know whether he took me to be a rogue or a fool. But I found him a very agreeable companion the rest of the way to Bennington.

It would be a very pleasant gathering to have all the Fays and all the descendants that were ever born in the borough towns and in this country meet in old Marlboro. I have no doubt that three-quarters of all the Fays and their descendants originated in the four borough towns.

And now for a description of the town of Bennington. The lay of the land and the soil is beautiful, nestled just at the foot of the Green Mountains on the north and east, an isolated mountain on the south, and for scenery it cannot be surpassed. The principal village is in the valley on the river, where all the manufacturing and mechanical industries are carried on. But the old village on the hill is the place to live.

## FRUIT AND FRUIT TREES.

Whatsoever ye do, do it well! Not one-half of the fruit trees that have been set out in Massachusetts during the last fifty years have produced anything like profit to the owners.

In the first place, the ground is not suitable for the growth and production of fruit. All land which has for its subsoil sand, or loose gravel, is not fit for the growth of the apple or pear. It may be good grass or lawn land, but it lacks the essential elements necessary to the production of this fruit. It needs "hard pan" or clay subsoil.

If your orchard is to be on field land, cultivate it two years before setting out the trees, and keep it under cultivation for six years, seeding it down no oftener than is necessary to kill weeds.

*Trimming Trees.* After experimenting for a number of years and trimming every month in the year to ascertain when the wound would heal the best, I have come to the conclusion that from the twenty-fifth of May to the twenty-fifth of June is the proper time. Then is the full flow of sap and the wound begins to heal immediately. The two worst months in the whole year are March and April, and yet you may see, on any bright day then, the farmers in their orchards busy trimming. They had much better be in the house reading some good agricultural or horticultural paper.

Another point is this. Let a boy go over your apple trees in the middle of August and, with his hands, pull off the young sprouts that have just begun to grow. He will do more with his hands than five men can do with their saws the next spring. The benefit derived from this mode of treatment is two-fold—the wound heals at once and no sprouts start the following spring, but if left a number of sprouts will start where otherwise there would be but one.

Success means doing everything just at the right time.

Twenty-six years ago I sold my farm to Henry H. Peters, and I have the vanity to believe that I left him the best apple orchard of two thousand trees, in Worcester county. Where are they to-

day? One-half of them are cut down or dug up, after being ruined by canker-worms and ill care, and the other half is worth but very little.

On my present farm I have an orchard of two acres. Seventy-five trees have been set out twenty-two years. The canker worm visited my neighbor's orchard about eight years ago. All told me I should be unable to avoid them. The first year when the ends of the limbs were a little red I took warning and prepared for battle. I put strips of paper about eight inches wide around them, and in the fall begun putting on the tree ink. I caught a few slugs that fall. The next spring I meant business and I believe I got it, too. Slugs lay around the trunks of my trees in ridges three inches deep. After falling from the ink they were unable to crawl. So thoroughly I caught them, that the next year I did not catch, from the seventy-five trees, one slug to a tree.

I was going to let my papers remain around the trunks of the trees for the next spring, but in taking off one of them in August, I found a number of borers just penetrating the bark. They were about the size of small maggots. I took all the papers off and found hundreds of them concealed in the bark.

As I have travelled over the state during the last fifty years, and have seen trees in grass lands which have stood for years without any cultivation, without growth—untrimmed, eaten by worms, I have come to the conclusion (and you would do the same) that not one half the trees that have been set out during the last fifty years have yielded anything like profit to the owners.

In April, 1826, the writer of this went to Worcester and bought of Dr. Oliver Fiske twelve English cherry trees (very handsome, being ten feet high), for which I paid him ten dollars. They all lived, bore good fruit and passed away. At the same time I bought eight peach trees of the following kinds---Yellow Melawton, Red Cheek Melawton, and the old English Red Cheek Rareripec---white flesh, red at the core, free-stone when fully ripe, creamy ground work and oh! how delicious! It makes my mouth water now to think of it. They were about the only

kinds we had at that time in Southboro, with a few late frost peaches.

When I was a boy, peach trees lived to be thirty and forty years of age, and many of them measured nearly a foot in diameter.

Dr. Fiske, a perfect gentleman of the old school, quite deaf, and at that time I should judge him to be sixty years of age, was very enthusiastic on horticulture. Some of my lessons on fruit were learned from his teachings. His house stood near the old Thomas Tavern, on the opposite side of the street, and running north and south at an angle with the street. His nursery was on the steep side hill above.

In April, 1844, I bought of Mr. Colton one hundred peach trees---fifteen varieties. The Crawford, Early and Late, had then just come into notice. I wanted twenty-five of the latter, but he could spare but eight, the rest being already engaged. I sold from those trees, some years, one hundred and fifty bushels, gave away fifty bushels, and fed to my hogs two hundred bushels more. Commenced selling the early varieties at fifty cents per bushel on the trees, the Crawford Late at four dollars per bushel. The trees were set where there had been an onion bed for more than fifty years. The growth was magnificent, without a sign of the yellows.

George the Fourth and Coolidge's Favorite were the most delicious eating peaches in the fifteen varieties, and are today unrivaled in this country. The Crawford, like some beautiful women, are beautiful to see. They are poor eating, but are good for preserves.

About fifty-four years ago I commenced purchasing pear trees from the nurseries of Mr. Blood on Long Island. Have since purchased from Plymouth, Brighton, Cambridge and Worcester. In 1838 I bought of Mr. Colton some thirty pear trees. I wanted twenty of the Flemish Beauty, but he could spare but ten. They were very small—not over three feet in height. Those trees all lived and grew finely while I lived on the old farm. I had no difficulty in selling the Flemish Beauties and Seckel for

four dollars per bushel, but for the last twenty years the Flemish Beauty has been almost a failure.

I have been into the novelties in pears trees pretty thoroughly, and the tuition has been somewhat high. For the famous Angora pear I have paid as high as one dollar per scion. They came from Angora, Turkey. I lost nothing by them, for I sold a number of dollars' worth of scions, but not many blessings did I get on my head for that. My rule was never to recommend any fruit till I had tested it myself. They took the Angora on the recommendation of others.

Out of more than one thousand varieties of pears there are not more than twenty that are worth cultivating. I will mention some of them—Bastear, Winter Nelis, Buffum, Seckel. They all belong to the Seckel tribe. Bartlett, Sheldon, Comice, Beurre Bosc, Beurre d'Anjou, Doyenne Boussoeck stand at the head of early winter pears. The Lawrence, which is large and coarse at the core, will do for preserving. The pear mostly puffed and blown in the papers and by tree farmers is the Clapp's Favorite—a pear that will rot between the teeth while eating. I sent to Boston, last fall, three pecks. The expressman returned me twenty-five cents. The same quantity of Bartletts ( of the same size ) would have brought me three dollars.

I give you my list of pears ; if you have anything better, show them up. If you want novelties, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine to select from.

In regard to the soil, there is little in Massachusetts natural to the growth of the pear. Art will do very much for it. Worcester contains some of the best soil for that purpose to be found in the state. I have a friend living on Bowdoin St. who has pear trees on his house-lot, standing in grass, as smooth as the bark of a young maple, making from one to two feet of wood each year. The pears are enormously large for their kind.

“What do you do to your pear trees to make them grow and bear such large fruit?” “Nothing.” The truth is, the soil is indigenous to the growth of the tree.

*Apples.* I have had considerable experience with them. For-



ty years ago, through the mail, by express and by personal travel, I sought to obtain better fruit than we then had.

In the fall of 1834, at Worcester cattle show, I carried two barrels of Lyscom's apples and hired a boy to sell them in front of the Old South church. They were very large and quite a throng of people collected around the boy. Some men from New Braintree called them Mathews Stripes, but the true name was Lyscoms. The original tree stood on the farm owned by Samuel Lyscom one hundred and thirty years ago. He was our second representative from Southboro to the great and general court. The reason they were called Mathews Stripes was because a man by the name of Mathews (John, I think) went from Southboro to New Braintree about one hundred years ago and took with him scions of this variety.

In 1834 Gov. Lincoln exhibited some very fine looking apples at the county show. The next spring I called at his house to get some of the scions. He met me with all the urbanity with which he was gifted and accompanied me to his orchard, where I cut scions. I found him quite enthusiastic. On horticulture he gave me some fine lessons.

I will now show some of my folly regarding novelties in getting scions and apple trees from every part of the Eastern and Middle states, till my orchard contained seventy-five different varieties of apples, at considerable cost.

In February, 1845, I wrote to A. J. Downing of New—— to send me some of the best varieties of winter apples that grew on the banks of the Hudson. He sent me by express in a box, the following varieties: Ladies' Sweeting, Yellow Belle Fleur, Green Newton, Swaar, Esopus, Spitzenburg, Northern Spy, Pippin. They looked splendidly and were of fine flavor.

I ordered one hundred trees of the Ladies Sweeting and a large quantity of scions of the other kinds. I tested them for fifteen years, and excepting the Ladies' Sweeting, gave them all up and grafted the trees over with Baldwins.

The same winter I sent to Bloomfield, western New York, for scions of the Northern Spy. The original tree is standing in

that town. They came to me by express. I think I introduced the first scions of the Northern Spy apple into Massachusetts. They were grafted into good thrifty apple trees and I tried them fifteen years and gave them up. I sold many scions and they are scattered broadcast throughout the state. For two or three years past they have been growing better and producing fine apples.

John M. Earle loved horticulture. I remember meeting him at Worcester cattle show some thirty years ago. He was quite enthusiastic over two new kinds—the Mother apple and Hogen (afterward called Holden Pippin.) The next spring I went to Holden and to Bolton to get scions.

The flesh of the Mother apple is yellow and rich ; poor grower and not profitable for market culture. One tree of the Holden Pippin is enough.

Forty years ago I went to the east part of Marlboro and procured some scions of the Spurr apple—so-called—but I afterward found the true name to be Hubbardston Nonesuch—the best large apple that is cultivated for the early winter market. Fine looking, good flavor, fair grower—give them good soil—Southboro had them about all on the water, going to England, before the first of October.

As a general thing the very largest apples are the Gloria Mundi, King Thompkins, Alexander, and American Beauty, Twenty Ounce apple, and are not worth cultivating. One of my neighbors last fall had a remarkable freak of nature presented in his orchard. Three years ago this spring he grafted the Early Bough on a very late winter sweet apple. He gathered them from the tree the last of September, sound and hard, and some of them kept till the first of December. They were in shape and taste the perfect Bough. I look forward with interest to the result of another year.

The Gravenstein is a very good apple, beginning to drop early. Let them ripen on the tree, put hay underneath. I kept them last fall till November. The finest flavored apple there is cultivated, unless it be the Green Newton Pippin.

The Early Bough. Where did the original tree grow? I place it Marlboro.

Sixty years ago I went there and, with my cousin, went to the farm of John Brigham (lately owned by Huntington), and there ate the early Sweet Bough under a tree more than two feet through. If any tree has a better record for the Early Bough—show it up. It is the best early sweet apple we have. The Baldwin is the most universal apple cultivated in the Northern states and is probably the best apple for exportation we have.

Ten varieties of apples are enough for one farm. For summer, the Early Bough, Williams' Favorite, Fall, Porter and Gravenstein (and for your own table the Garden Royal, being too small for the market). For winter, Baldwin, Hubbardston Nonesuch, Ladies' Sweeting and a few Roxbury Russets.

In all my experience in novelties, I have come to this conclusion, that every tree has its natural location for growth and fruitage. Trees that grow well and produce fine fruit on the banks of the Hudson River will not succeed in Worcester county.

March, 1881.

8-6-82

Returned

2-14-82

